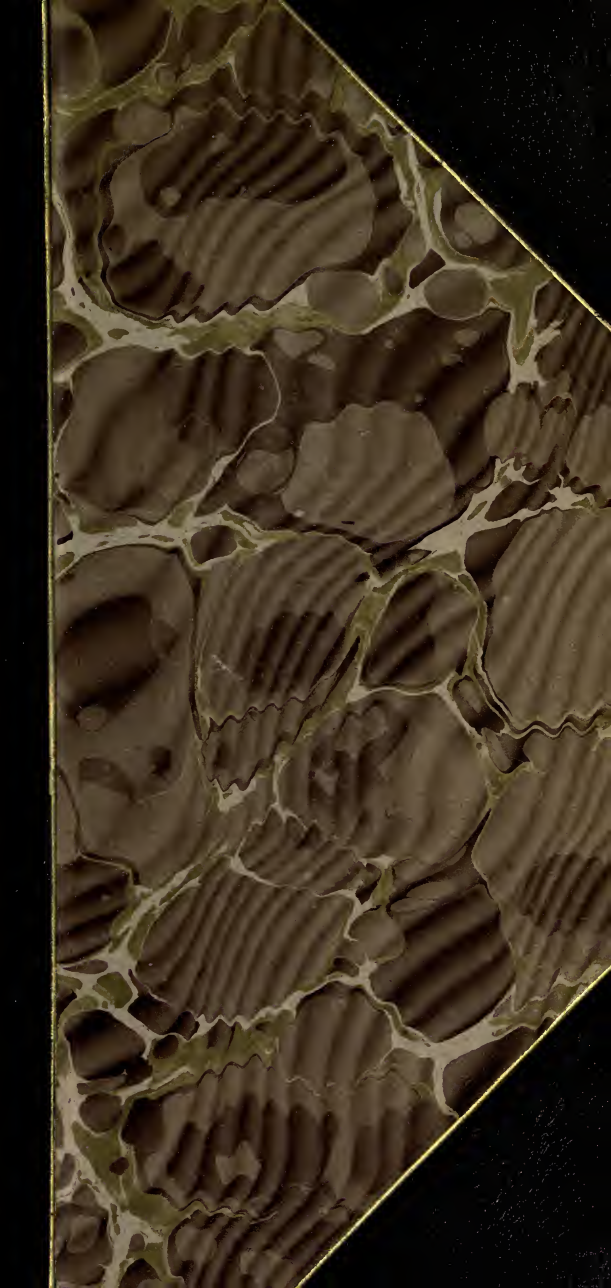
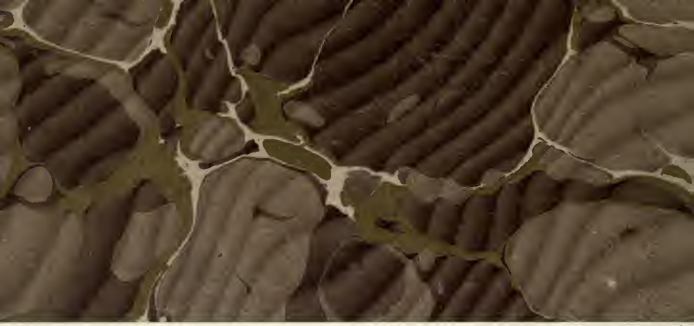


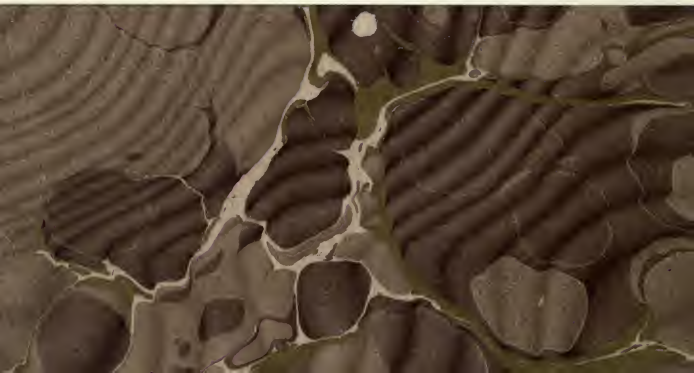


The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley

Gift of

THE HEARST CORPORATION



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/thaddeusofwarsaw02portrich

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

VOL. II.

Be huſh'd, my dark ſpirit! for Wiſdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be ſtrong as the rock of the ocean that ſtems
A thouſand wild waves on the ſhore—
Thro' the perils of Chance, and the ſcowl of Diſdain,
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!
Ah! even the name I have worſhipp'd in vain,
Shall awake not the ſigh of remembrance again!
To BEAR, is to conquer our fate!

CAMPBELL.

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

The time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

SHAKSPEARE.

BY

MISS PORTER.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, PRINTERS-STREET,
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1803.

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

BY

MISS PORTER.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, NEW-STREET-SQUARE,
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1803.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

CHAP. I.

THE Count Sobieſki was cordially received by his worthy landlady: indeed he never ſtood in more need of kindneſs. A ſlow fever, which had been gradually creeping over him ſince his quitting Poland, had ſettled on his lungs, and excited a cough that kept him awake all night, and reduced him to ſuch weakneſs in the day, that he neither had ſtrength nor ſpirits to ſtir abroad.

Mrs. Robſon was greatly diſtreſſed at this ſudden and violent illneſs of her gueſt. Her own ſon, the father of the orphans whom ſhe protected, had died a victim to a conſumption, brought on by his exceſſes.

Thaddeus gave himſelf up completely to her management: he had no money for

medical aſſiſtance; and to pleaſe her, he took what little medicines ſhe prepared. According to her advice, he remained for ſeveral days cloſed up in his chamber, with a large fire, his curtains drawn, and the ſhutters ſhut, to exclude the ſmalleſt portion of that air, which, the good woman thought, had already ſtricken him with death.

But all would not do; her patient became worſe and worſe. Frightened at the ſymptoms, Mrs. Robſon begged leave to ſend for the apothecary who had attended her deceaſed ſon. In this inſtance only, ſhe found the Count obſtinate: no arguments, nor even her tears, could move him. When ſhe ſtood weeping, holding his burning hand, his anſwer was conſtantly of this kind:

"Do not, my excellent Mrs. Robſon, grieve yourſelf on my account; I am not in the danger you think; I ſhall do very well with your aſſiſtance."

"No, no; I ſee death in your eyes. Can I feel this hand, and ſee that hectic cheek,

cheek, without beholding your grave, as it were, opening before me?"

She was not much miſtaken; for, during the night after this debate, Thaddeus grew ſo delirious, that, no longer able to ſubdue her terrors, ſhe ſent for the apothecary to come inſtantly to her houſe.

"O! doctor," cried ſhe, as the man aſcended the ſtairs, "I have the beſt young gentleman that ever the ſun ſhone on, dying in that room! He would not let me ſend for you; and now he is raving like a mad creature."

Mr. Vincent entered the Count's humble apartment, and undrew the curtains of the bed. Thaddeus, exhauſted by his delirium, had ſunk back, almoſt ſenſeleſs on the pillow. Mrs. Robſon, at this ſight, ſuppoſing him dead, uttered a ſhriek that was in a moment echoed by the cries of the little William, who ſtood near his grandmother.

"Huſh, my good woman," ſaid the doctor, in a low voice, "the gentleman is not dead; leave the room till you have recovered yourſelf, and I will engage that you ſhall ſee him alive when you return."

Mrs. Robſon, conſidering all his words as oracles, quitted the room with her grandſon.

Mr. Vincent had felt, on entering the chamber, that the fever of his patient muſt be augmented by the hot and ſtifling ſtate of the room; and, before he attempted to diſturb him from the temporary reſt which his ſenſes found in inſenſibility, he opened the window-ſhutters, damped the raging of the fire with aſhes and water, and then, uncloſing the room door wide enough to admit the air from the adjoining apartment, undrew all the curtains of the bed, and pulling the heavy clothes down from the Count's boſom, raiſed his head on his arm, and poured ſome drops into his mouth. In a moment he opened his eyes, and uttered a few wild and incoherent words; but he did not rave, he only wandered, and appeared to know that he did ſo; for when he had quite recovered his powers, he every now and then ſtopped in the midſt of ſome confuſed ſpeech, and, laying his hand on his forehead, ſtrove to recollect himſelf.

Mrs.

Mrs. Robſon ſoon after entered the room, and poured out her thanks to the apothecary, whom ſhe regarded as almoſt a worker of miracles.

"I muſt have him bled, Mrs. Robſon," continued he; "and for that purpoſe ſhall go home for my aſſiſtant and lances: but, in the mean while, I charge you to let every thing remain in the ſtate that I have left it. The heat alone would have been enough to have given a fever to a man in health."

When the apothecary returned, he ſaw that his commands had been ſtrictly obeyed; and finding that the change of atmoſphere had wrought ſome alteration in his patient, he took his arm without any difficulty, and bled him. At the end of the operation Thaddeus again fainted.

"Poor gentleman!" cried Mr. Vincent, binding up the wound before he tried to recover him: "look here, Tom," pointing to the ſcars in his arm and breaſt; "ſee what terrible cuts have been made there! This has not been playing at ſoldiers! Who is your lodger, Mrs. Robſon?"

"A Mr. Conſtantine, Mr. Vincent. But, for heaven's ſake! reſtore him out of that ſwoon."

Mr. Vincent poured more drops into his mouth; and a minute afterwards, he opened his eyes, diveſted of their feveriſh glare, but looking dull and heavy. He ſpoke to Mrs. Robſon by her name; which gave her ſuch delight, that ſhe caught his hand to her lips, and burſt into tears. The action was ſo inſtantaneous and violent, that it made him feel the ſtiffneſs of his arm; and, caſting his eyes towards the men near his bed, he conjectured what had been his ſtate, and what the conſequence.

"Come, Mrs. Robſon," ſaid the apothecary, "you muſt not diſturb the gentleman. How do you find yourſelf, Sir?"

Thaddeus having regained his perfect recollection, felt uneaſy: but, as the deed could not be recalled, he thanked the doctor for the ſervice he had received; and ſaid a few kind and grateful words to his good hoſteſs.

Mr. Vincent was glad to ſee ſo promiſing an iſſue to his proceedings, and ſoon after retired

retired with his assistant and Mrs. Robson, to give further directions.

On entering the kitchen, she threw herself into a chair and broke into a paroxysm of lamentations.

"My good woman, what is all this about?" enquired the doctor. "Is not my patient better?"

"Yes," cried she, drying her eyes; "but the bed in which he lies, the whole scene, puts me so in mind of the last moments of my poor unfortunate misguided son, that the very sight of it goes through my heart like a knife. Oh! had my boy been as good as that dear gentleman, had he been as well prepared to die, I think I would scarcely have grieved! Yet, heaven spare Mr. Constantine. Will he live?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Robson; his fever is inveterate; but he is young, and, with extreme care, we may preserve him."

"The Lord grant it!" cried she, "for he is the best gentleman that I ever beheld. He has been above a week with me; and till this night, in which he lost his senses, though hardly able to breathe or see, he

has read out of books that he brought with him; and good books too: for it was but yesterday morning I saw the dear soul sitting by the fire with a book on the table, which he had been studying near an hour; and as I was dusting about, I saw him lay his head down on it, and put his hand to his temples. "Alas! Sir," said I, "you teize your brains with these books of learning, when you ought to be taking rest."—"No, Mrs. Robson," returned he, with a sweet smile, "in this book I am seeking rest; it is the best soother of human affliction." He closed it, and put it on the chimney-piece; and when I looked at it afterwards, I saw it was the Scriptures.—Can you wonder I should love so excellent a gentleman?"

"It is a strange account you have given of your lodger," replied Vincent: "I hope he is not a methodist; for if so, I shall despair of his cure, and think his delirium had another cause besides fever."

"A methodist! No, Sir: he is a christian; and as good a reasonable sweet-tempered gentleman, as ever came into a house. Alas!

Alas! I believe he is more like a papiſt; though they ſay papiſts don't read the bible, but worſhip images."

"Why, what reaſon have you to ſuppoſe that? He's an Engliſhman, is he not?"

"O no, he is an emigrant."

"An emigrant! O, ho!" cried Vincent, with a diſcontented and contemptuous raiſe of his eye-brows and voice; "what, a poor Frenchman! Good Lord, how this town is over-run by theſe fellows!"

"No, doctor;" exclaimed Mrs. Robſon, much hurt in pride and feeling at this affront to her lodger, whom ſhe really loved; "whatever he be, he is not *poor*, for he has a power of fine things; he has got a watch all over diamonds, and diamond rings, and diamond pictures without number. So, doctor, you need not fear that you are attending him for charity; no, I would ſell my gown firſt."

"Nay, don't be offended, Mrs. Robſon! I meant no offence," returned he, much mollified by this explanation of hers; "but really, when we ſee the bread that ſhould feed our children, and our own poor,

eaten up by a parcel of lazy French drones; who have covered our land, and deſtroyed its produce, like a ſwarm of filthy locuſts, we ſhould be fools not to murmur. But Mr. Mr., what did you call him, Mrs. Robſon? is a different ſort of a body."

"Mr. Conſtantine," replied ſhe, "and indeed he is; and no doubt, when you recover him, he will pay you as though he were in his own country."

This laſt aſſertion of hers, baniſhed all remaining ſuſpicion from the apothecary's face; and after giving her what orders he thought requiſite, he returned home, promiſing to call in the evening.

Mrs. Robſon went up ſtairs to the Count's chamber, with other feelings towards her infallible doctor than thoſe with which ſhe came down. She well recollected the ſubſtance of his diſcourſe; and ſhe gathered from it, that however clever he might be in his profeſſion, he was a hard-hearted man, who would rather ſee a fellow creature periſh, than adminiſter relief to him without a reward.

But

But here Mrs. Robſon was miſtaken. She did him juſtice in eſteeming his medical abilities, which were great: he had made medicine the ſtudy of his life; and, not allowing any irrelevant occupation to diſturb his attention, he became maſter of that ſcience, while ignorant of every other with which it had no connection. He was the father of a family, and, in the uſual acceptation of the term, a very good ſort of a man; he preferred his country to every other, becauſe it was his country; he loved his wife and his children: he was kind to the poor, to whom he gave his advice gratis, and letters to the diſpenſary for drugs; and when he had any broken victuals to ſpare, he deſired it to be divided amongſt them; but he ſeldom caught his maid obeying this part of his commands, without reprimanding her for her extravagance in giving away what ought to be eaten in the kitchen—"in theſe times it was a ſhame to waſte a crumb; and the careleſs huſſey would come to want, for thinking ſo lightly of other people's property."

Thus, like many in the world, he was a loyal citizen from habit, an affectionate father from nature, and a man of charity, becauſe he now and then felt pity, and now and then heard it preached from the pulpit. He was exhorted to be pious, and to pour wine and oil into the wounds of the ſtranger; but it never once ſtruck him, that piety extended farther than going to church, mumbling his prayers, and forgetting the ſermon, through moſt of which he generally ſlept: and his commentaries on the Good Samaritan were not more extenſive; for the ſtranger, to him, was like the Canaanite Embaſſy that cheated the hoſt of Iſrael, his neareſt neighbour. To have been born on the other ſide of the Britiſh channel, ſpread an ocean between the poor foreigner, and Mr. Vincent's purſe, which, to this hour, the ſwifteſt wings of charity could never croſs. "He ſaw no reaſon," he ſaid, "for feeding the natural enemies of our country. Would any man be mad enough to take the meat from his children's mouths, and throw it to a ſwarm of wolves juſt landed on the coaſt?"

Theſe

Theſe wolves were his favorite metaphors, when he ſpoke of the unhappy French; or any other pennyleſs foreigners, who came in his way.

After this explanation, it will appear paradoxical, to mention an inconſiſtency in the mind of Mr. Vincent, that would never permit him to diſcover the above Cainiſh mark of vagabondiſm, upon the wealthy ſtranger of whatever country. Somehow or other, it was with him as with many: riches were a ſplendid and thick robe that concealed all blemiſhes; take it away, and probably the poor ſtripped wretch would be treated, even worſe than his crimes deſerve.

That his new patient poſſeſſed ſome property, was ſufficient to enſure the reſpect and medical ſkill of Mr. Vincent; and when he entered his own houſe he told his wife, that he had found "a very good job at Mrs. Robſon's, in the illneſs of a Mr. Conſtantine, her lodger."

When the Count Sobieſki quitted the Hummums, the evening on which he brought away his baggage, he had been ſo diſconcerted

diſconcerted by the impertinence of the man who accoſted him, that he determined no longer to expoſe himſelf to inſult, by retaining a title which rendered him obnoxious to the curioſity of the inſolent and inſenſible; and therefore, when Mrs. Robſon aſked him how ſhe ſhould addreſs him, as he was averſe to aſſume a feigned name, he merely mentioned, *Mr. Conſtantine.*

Under that unobtruſive character, he hoped in time to accommodate his feelings to the change of fortune which providence had allotted to him. He muſt forget his nobility, his pride, and his ſenſibility; he muſt earn his ſubſiſtence. But, by what means? He was ignorant of buſineſs; and he knew not how to turn his accompliſhments to account.—Such were his meditations; till illneſs and delirium deprived him of theſe, and of reaſon, together.

At the expiration of a week, in which Mr. Vincent attended his patient very regularly, Sobieſki was able to remove into the front room, and leave that gloomy chamber where he had endured ſo much anguiſh of body and mind. Uneaſineſs about

about how he ſhould diſcharge the debts he had incurred, retarded his recovery, and made his hours paſs away in cheerleſs meditation on the ſcanty means he poſſeſſed to repay the good widow and ſatisfy the avidity of the apothecary; who, in proportion as his patient could bear the addition, had ſent in phials of medicines by dozens. Pecuniary obligation was a load to which he had been unaccuſtomed; and, once or twice, the wiſh almoſt eſcaped his heart, that he had died.

Whenever he was left to think, ſuch were always his reflections; but Mrs. Robſon, who diſcovered that he appeared more feveriſh, and had worſe nights after being much alone during the day, contrived, though ſhe was obliged to be in her little ſhop, to leave either Nanny to attend his wants, or little William to amuſe him.

This child, by its uncommon quickneſs and artleſſneſs of manner, gained upon the Count, who was ever alive to helpleſſneſs and innocence. Children and animals, always found a friend and protector in him. From the "*majeſtic war-horſe with his neck*

neck clothed in thunder," to "*the poor beetle that we tread upon,*" every creature of creation, met an advocate of mercy in his breaſt: and, as human nature is prone to love what it has been kind to, Thaddeus never ſaw either children, dogs, or even that poor ſlandered and abuſed animal the cat, that he did not by ſome ſpontaneous act, ſhew it attention.

The little William now poſſeſſed what affection he could ſpare from memory. He hardly ever left his ſide, where he ſat on a ſtool, prattling about any thing that came into his head; or ſeated on his knee, followed with his eyes and playful fingers, the Count's hand, as he ſketched a horſe or a ſoldier for his pretty companion.

In this way, he ſlowly acquired ſufficient ſtrength to allow him to quit his dreſſing-gown, and prepare for a walk.

A hard froſt had ſucceeded to the chilling damps of November; and, looking out of the window, he longed, with almoſt ſenſations of eagerneſs, again to inhale the freſh air. After ſome tender altercations with Mrs. Robſon, who feared to truſt him even

even down the ſtairs, he at length conquered; and taking the little William in his hand, folded his peliſſe round him, and promiſing to venture no farther than the King's Mews, was ſuffered to go out.

As he had expected, he found the keen breeze, act like a charm on his debilitated frame; and with braced nerves and exhilarated ſpirits, he walked twice up and down the place, whilſt his companion played before him, throwing ſtones, and running to pick them up. At this moment, one of the King's carriages, purſued by a concourſe of people, ſuddenly drove in at the Charing-croſs gate. The frightened child ſcreamed and fell. Thaddeus, ſeeing its danger, darted forward, and ſeizing the heads of the horſes, which were within a yard of the boy, ſtopped them; meanwhile, the mob gathering about, one of them lifted up William, who continued his cries. The Count now let go the reins, and for a few minutes tried to pacify his little charge: but finding that his alarm and ſhrieks were not to be quelled, and that his own figure, from its ſingularity of dreſs,

dreſs, (his high cap and feathers adding much to his height,) had drawn on him the whole attention of the people, who quitted the carriage, and collected round him; he took the trembling child in his arms, and, walking through the Mews, was followed by ſome of the by-ſtanders almoſt to the very door of Mrs. Robſon's ſhop.

Seeing the people, and her grandſon ſobbing on the breaſt of her gueſt, ſhe ran out, and haſtily aſked what had happened. Thaddeus ſimply anſwered, that the boy had been frightened. But when they entered the houſe, and he had thrown himſelf, exhauſted, on a ſeat; William, as he ſtood by his knee, told his grandmother, that if Mr. Conſtantine had not ſtopped the horſes, he muſt have been run over. The Count was now obliged to relate the whole ſtory; which ended with the bleſſings of the poor woman for his goodneſs, to riſk his own life in ſuch a weak ſtate, for the preſervation of her darling child.

Thaddeus

Thaddeus in vain assured her, that the action deserved no thanks, as it was spontaneous, and merely his duty.

"Well," cried she, "it is like yourself, Mr. Constantine; you think all your good deeds nothing: and yet any little odd thing that I can do out of pure love to serve you, you cry up to the skies. However, we won't fall out; I say, Heaven bless you, and that is enough!—Has your walk refreshed you? But I need not ask; you have already got a colour."

"Yes," returned he, rising and taking off his cap and cloak, "it has put me in a glow, and made me quite another creature." As he finished speaking, he dropped the things from the hand that held them, and staggered back a few paces against the wall.

"Good Lord! what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Robson, alarmed, and looking in his face, which was now pale as death, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned he, recovering himself, and gathering up the cloak

cloak he had let fall, "don't mind me, Mrs. Robſon; nothing," and he was leaving the kitchen to go up ſtairs; but ſhe followed him, terrified at his look and manner.

"Pray, Mr. Conſtantine!"

"Nay, my dear Madam," ſaid he, leading her back again, "I am not well; I believe my walk has overcome me. Let me be a few minutes alone, till I have recovered myſelf. It will oblige me."

"Well, Sir, as you pleaſe!" and ſhe curtſeyed; then laying her withered hand fearfully upon his arm, as he was quitting the room, "forgive me, dear Sir," ſaid ſhe, "if my attentions are troubleſome? Indeed, I fear, that ſometimes great love appears like great impertinence; I would always be ſerving you, and therefore I often forget the wide difference that there is between your honour's ſtation and mine."

The Count could only preſs her hand gratefully, and with an emotion that made him hurry up ſtairs. When in his own room, he ſhut the door, and caſt a wild and inquiſitive

inquiſitive gaze around the apartment; then throwing himſelf into a chair, he ſtruck his head with his hand, and exclaimed, "It is gone! What will become of me? of this poor woman, whoſe ſubſtance I have conſumed?"

It was true, the watch, by the ſale of which he had calculated to defray the charges of his illneſs, and the ſum that he was conſcious he muſt owe Mrs. Robſon, was indeed loſt. A villain in the crowd, having perceived the ſparkling of the chain to which it was united, had taken it unobſerved from his ſide; and he knew nothing of his loſs, till feeling for it, to ſee the hour, he diſcovered his misfortune.

The ſhock went like a ſtroke of electricity through his frame; but it was not till the laſt glimmering of hope was extinguiſhed, on his examining his room, where he thought he might have left it, that he felt the full horror of his ſituation.

He ſat for ſome minutes, abſorbed, and almoſt afraid to think. It was not his own, but the neceſſities of the poor wo-

man, who had perhaps incurred debts on herſelf to afford him comforts, that bore ſo hard upon him. At laſt, riſing from his ſeat, he exclaimed,

"I muſt determine on ſomething. Since this is gone, I muſt ſeek what elſe I have to part with, for I cannot long bear ſuch ſuſpence."

He opened the drawer into which he had locked the few valuables he had preſerved.

With a trembling hand he took them out one by one. There were ſeveral trinkets which had been given to him by his mother; and a pair of inlaid piſtols that his grandfather had put into his belt on the morning of the dreadful tenth of October; his minature lay beneath; the mild eyes of the Palatine ſeemed beaming with affection upon his grandſon: Thaddeus ſnatched it up, kiſſed it fervently, and then laid it back into the drawer, whilſt he hid his face with his hands.

When he recovered himſelf, he replaced the piſtols, feeling that it would be almoſt ſacrilege to part with them. Without allowing

lowing himſelf time to think, he put a gold pencil-caſe and a pair of brilliant ſleeve buttons into his waiſtcoat pocket.

He deſcended the ſtairs with a ſoft ſtep, and paſſing the kitchen door unperceived by his landlady, croſſed through a little court; and then anxiouſly looking from right to left, to find any place in which he might probably diſpoſe of the trinkets, he took his way up Caſtle-ſtreet, and along Leiceſter-ſquare.

When he turned up the firſt ſtreet to his right, he was impeded by two perſons who ſtood in his path, the one ſelling, the other buying, a hat. The thought immediately ſtruck Thaddeus, of aſking one of theſe men (who appeared to be a Jew and a vender of clothes) to purchaſe his peliſſe. By parting with a thing to which he annexed no more value than the warmth it afforded him, he ſhould poſſibly ſpare himſelf the pain, for this time at leaſt, of ſacrificing thoſe gifts of his mother, which had been beſtowed upon him in happier days and hallowed by her careſſes.

He

He did not permit himſelf to heſitate a moment, but deſired the Jew to follow him into a little court that was nigh. The man obeyed directly; and having no ideas independent of his trade, aſked the Count what he wanted to buy.

"Nothing: I want to ſell this peliſſe," returned he, opening it. The Jew, without any ceremony, inſpected the covering and the fur.

"Aye, I ſee it is black, lined with ſable; who would buy it of me? It is embroidered, and nobody wears ſuch things here."

"Then I am anſwered," replied Thaddeus.

"Stop, Sir," cried the Jew, purſuing him; "what will you take for it?"

"What would you give me?"

"Let me ſee. It is very long and wide. At the utmoſt, I cannot offer you more than five guineas."

A few months ago, it had coſt the Count twelve times as much; but glad to get any money, however ſmall, he readily cloſed with the man's price; and taking off the cloak

cloak without a ſigh, he gave it to him, and put the guineas into his pocket.

He had not walked much farther, before the piercing cold of the evening, and a ſhower of ſnow which began to fall, made him feel the effects of his loſs: however, that did not annoy him; he had been too heavily aſſailed by the pitileſs rigours of misfortune, to regard the pelting of the elements. Whilſt the wind blew in his face, and the ſleet, falling on his dreſs, lodged in its embroidered lapels, he went forward, calculating whether it were likely that this money, with the few ſhillings he yet poſſeſſed, would be ſufficient to diſcharge what he owed. Unuſed as he had been to all kinds of expenditure that required attention, he ſuppoſed, from what he had already ſeen of a commerce with the world, that the ſum he had received from the Jew, was not above half what he wanted; and, with a beating heart, he walked towards one of thoſe ſhops, which he had heard Mrs. Robſon deſcribe when ſhe ſpoke of the irregularities of her ſon, who had nearly reduced her to beggary.

The candles were lit. And as he hovered about the door, he distinctly saw the master through the glass, assorting some parcels on the counter. He was a gentleman-like man; and the Count's feelings took quite a different turn from those with which he had accosted the Jew, who was a low sordid wretch, looking upon the people with whom he trafficked, as pieces of wood; therefore few unpleasant sensations assailed his breast when bargaining with him: but the sight of a respectable person, before whom he was to present himself as a man in poverty, as one who in a manner appealed to charity, all at once overcame the resolution of Sobieski, and he debated whether he should return. Mrs. Robson, and her probable distresses, rose before him; and, fearful of trusting his pride any farther, he pulled his cap over his face, stepped up the step, and entered the shop.

The man bowed very civilly on his entrance, and requested to be honoured with his commands. Thaddeus felt his face glow; but, indignant at his own weakness, he walked up to the counter, and laying down

down the gold caſe, ſaid in a voice, which notwithſtanding his emotion he compelled to be without appearance of confuſion, "I want to part with this."

The man, aſtoniſhed at the dignity of his air, and the nobility of his dreſs, (for the ſtar did not eſcape his eye,) looked at him for a moment, holding the caſe in his hand. The Count, hurt by the ſteadineſs of his gaze, rather haughtily repeated what he had ſaid. The man heſitated no longer. He had been accuſtomed to ſimilar requeſts from the emigrant French *nobleſſe:* but there was a loftineſs, and an air of authority, in the countenance and mien of this perſon, that ſurpriſed and awed him; and with a reſpect, which even the application could not counteract, he opened the caſe, and enquired of Thaddeus; what was the price he had affixed to it.

"I leave that to you," replied the Count; "you ſee the gold is ſolid."

"Yes," returned the man, laying it down, "but I cannot give more than three guineas. It is very thin; and though the workmanſhip be fine, it is not the faſhion

of England, and will be of no benefit to me till melted."

"You may have it," ſaid Thaddeus, hardly able to articulate, as he again laid the gift of his mother out of his hand.

The man directly paid him down the money, and the Count, with a burſting heart, darted out of the ſhop.

Mrs. Robſon was ſhutting up the windows of her little parlour, when he haſtily paſſed her, and glided up the ſtairs. Hardly believing her ſenſes, ſhe haſtened after him, and juſt got into the room as he ſwallowed a glaſs of water.

"Good lord, Sir!" cried ſhe, "where has your honour been? I thought you had been all the while in the houſe, and I would not come near, though I was very uneaſy; and there has been poor William crying himſelf blind, becauſe you had deſired to be left alone."

Thaddeus was not prepared to make her an anſwer. He had been in hopes to have gotten in as he had ſtolen out, undiſcovered; for he had determined not to agitate her good mind, by the hiſtory of

his loſs. He would not allow her to know any thing of his embarraſſments, from ſentiments of juſtice, as well as of that pride which all his ſufferings and philoſophy could not wholly ſubdue.

"I have been taking a walk, Mrs. Robſon."

"Dear heart! I thought when you ſtaggered back, and looked ſo ill, after you brought in William, that you had overwalked yourſelf!"

"No; I fancy my fears had a little diſcompoſed me, and I hoped more air might do me good; I tried it, and it has: but I am grieved that I have alarmed you."

This ambiguous ſpeech perfectly ſatisfied his kind landlady. Thaddeus, much fatigued by a bodily exertion, which nothing leſs than the perturbed ſtate of his mind, could have carried him through in the preſent feebleneſs of his frame, after he had taken ſome tea at the earneſt requeſt of Mrs. Robſon, went directly to bed, where tired nature ſoon found temporary repoſe in a profound ſleep.

CHAP. II.

WHEN the Count awoke in the morning, he found himself rather better than worse from the exertions of the preceding day. When Nanny appeared as usual with his breakfast, and little William, (who always sat on his knee and shared his bread and butter,) he desired her to beg that her grandmother would send to Mr. Vincent with his compliments, and tell him, that he was so well at present, as to decline any farther medical aid and, therefore requested to have his bill.

Mrs. Robson, who could not forget the behaviour of the apothecary, undertook to deliver the message herself, happy in the triumph she should experience over the littleness of Mr. Vincent's suspicions.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, she re-appeared in the Count's room with the apothecary's assistant; who, with many thanks, received the sum total of his accompt,

compt, which amounted to three guineas for ten days' attendance.

The man having withdrawn, Thaddeus told Mrs. Robſon, that he muſt next defray the ſmalleſt part of that vaſt debt, which his heart ſhould ever owe to her parental care.

"O, bleſs your honour; it goes to my heart to take a farthing of you! but theſe poor children," cried ſhe, laying a hand on each, and her eyes gliſtening; "they look up to me as their all here; and my quarter-day was due yeſterday, elſe, dear Sir, I ſhould have ſcorned to have been like doctor Vincent, and have taken your money the moment you offered it."

"My good madam," returned Sobieſki, giving her a chair, "I am ſenſible of the kindneſs of your nature; but it is your juſt due, and the payment of it can never leſſen my gratitude for the friendſhip that you have ſhewn to me, a ſtranger."

"Then there Sir;" ſaid ſhe, looking almoſt as aſhamed as if ſhe were robbing him when ſhe laid it on the table, "there is my bill. I have regularly ſet down

every thing. Nanny will bring it to me." And the good woman, quite diſconcerted, hurried out of the room.

Thaddeus looked after her with ſenſations of admiration and reverence.

"There goes," thought he, "in that lowly and feeble frame, as generous and noble a ſpirit as ever animated the breaſt of a princeſs!—Here, Nanny," ſaid he, glancing his eye over the paper, "there are the two guineas and a half with my thanks; and tell your grandmother that I am aſtoniſhed at her economy."

This affair over, the Count found himſelf relieved of a grievous load; and turning the remaining money in his hand; how he might repleniſh this little ſtock before it were expended, next occupied his attention. Notwithſtanding the pawn-broker's civil treatment, he recoiled at again preſenting himſelf at his ſhop. Beſides, ſhould he diſpoſe of all that he poſſeſſed, it would not be of ſufficient value to ſubſiſt him for a month. He muſt think of ſome ſource within himſelf not likely to be ſo ſoon exhauſted. To be reduced a ſecond time

time to the misery of mind that he had experienced yesterday, from suspence and wretchedness, appeared too dreadful to be hazarded; and he ran over in his memory the merits of his several accomplishments.

He could not make any use of his musical talents, for at public exhibitions of himself his soul revolted; and as to his literary acquirements, he supposed that his youth, and being a foreigner, would preclude all hope on that head. At length he found, that his sole dependence must rest on his talents for painting. Of this art he had always been remarkably fond; and his taste easily perceived, when he passed by several of the print-shops in town, that there were many drawings exhibited for sale, much beneath those which he had executed for mere pastime.

He decided at once; and sending Nanny to purchase pencils and Indian ink, set to work.

When he had finished half a dozen drawings, and was considering how he might find the street wherein he had seen the print-shops, the recollection occurred to

him of the impreſſion that his appearance had made on the pawn-broker. He perceived the wide difference between his apparel and the faſhion of England; and, ſeeing with what better ſecurity from impertinence he might walk about, if he could ſo far caſt off the relics of his former rank as to change his dreſs, he got up with an intention to go out and purchaſe a ſurtout coat, and hat, for that purpoſe: but catching an accidental view of his figure and the ſtar of St. Staniſlaus, as he paſſed the glaſs to the door, he no longer wondered at the curioſity which ſuch an appendage, united with poverty, had attracted. Rather than again ſubject himſelf to a ſimilar ſituation, he ſummoned his young meſſenger; and through her means, furniſhed himſelf with an Engliſh hat and coat, whilſt with his pen-knife, he cut away the embroidery of the order, from the cloth to which it was affixed.

Thus accoutered, with his hat flapped over his face, and his great coat wrapped round him, he put his drawings in his boſom, and about eight o'clock, walked out

on

on his disagreeable errand. After some wearying search, he at last found Great Newport Street, the place he wanted; but as he advanced, his hopes died away, and his fears and reluctance awakened.

He stopped at the door of the nearest print-shop. All that he had experienced at the pawn-broker's, re-assailed him if possible with redoubled violence. What he had presented there, possessed a fixed value, and was at once to be taken or refused; but now, he was going to offer things of mere taste, and he might meet not only with a flat denial, but affronting remarks.

He walked to the threshold of the door, then as hastily withdrew again, and hurried two or three paces down the street.

"Weak, contemptible, that I am!" said he to himself as he again turned round, "where is all my reason and rectitude of principle, that I would rather endure the misery of dependence and self-reproach, than face the attempt to seek support from the fruits of my own industry?"

He quickened his step, and darted into the shop, almost fearful of his former ir-

reſolution. He threw his drawings inſtantly upon the counter.

"Sir, you purchaſe drawings. I have theſe to ſell. Will they ſuit you?"

The man took them up, without deigning to look at the perſon who accoſted him, and turning them over in his hand, "One, two, three, hum! there is half a dozen of them. What do you expect I will give you for them?"

"I am not acquainted with the prices of theſe things."

Hearing this, he thought by managing well to get them for what he liked, and, throwing them over with an air of contempt, reſumed.

"And pray, where may the views be taken?"

"They are recollections of ſcenes in different parts of Germany."

"Ah," replied the man, "mere drugs! I wiſh, my honeſt friend, that you could have brought ſubjects not quite ſo threadbare, and a little better executed; they are but poor things at beſt!"

Thaddeus,

Thaddeus, inſulted by the ſpeech, and above all, the manner of the print-ſeller, was ſnatching up the drawings to leave the ſhop without a word, when the man obſerving his deſign, and, afraid to loſe them, laid his hand on the heap, exclaiming;

"Let me tell you, young man, it does not become a perſon in your ſituation to be ſo huffy to their employers. I will give you a guinea for the ſix, and you may think yourſelf well paid."

Without farther heſitation, whilſt the Count was ſtriving to ſubdue the choler that was urging him to knock him down, he had laid the money on the counter, and was ſlipping the drawings into a drawer; when Thaddeus, ſnatching them out again, ſuddenly rolled them up, and turning to the confounded print-ſeller, walked out of the ſhop as he ſaid:

"Not all the wealth you may poſſeſs, would tempt an honeſt man to pollute himſelf by exchanging a ſecond word with one ſo contemptible."

Irritated and vexed, he returned home too much provoked, to think much of the conſequence

conſequence that might follow a ſimilar diſappointment.

The widow, who had become in ſome meaſure uſed to the fluctuations of the Count's looks and behaviour, ceaſed altogether to teize him with inquiries which ſhe ſaw he was loth to anſwer. She now allowed him to walk in and out without a remark; and ſilently contemplated his pale and melancholy countenance, when after a ramble of the greateſt part of the day, he returned home exhauſted and diſpirited.

William was always the firſt to welcome his friend at the threſhold, by running to him, taking hold of his coat, and aſking to go with him up ſtairs. The Count uſually gratified him; and unclouding his mind of the gloom that nearly obſcured it, to deviſe any little plays which could produce pleaſure, where he now found that he felt ſo much affection, he brightened many dull moments with his innocent careſſes.

This child was literally his chief comfort; for, he ſaw, that in him, he could ſtill raiſe thoſe emotions of happineſs, which had once afforded him his ſweeteſt joy.

William

William ever greeted him with ſmiles; and when he entered the kitchen, ſprang to his boſom, as if that were the ſeat of peace, as it was of virtue. But, alas! fortune ſeemed averſe to lend any thing long to the unhappy Thaddeus, which might render his deſolate ſtate more tolerable.

Juſt ariſen from the bed of ſickneſs, he rather required the hand of ſome tender nurſe to reſtore his waſted vigour, than be reduced to ſuſtain the hard vigils of poverty and want. His recent diſappointment, and a cold that he caught, increaſed his fever and debility; yet he kept firm to the determination, not to appropriate to his own ſubſiſtence, the ſale of the few valuables which he had aſſigned as a depoſit for the charges of his rent; and accordingly, during a fortnight, he never taſted any thing better than bread and water, accompanied by the thought, that if it ended in his death, his ſufferings would then be over, and the widow remunerated by what little of his property might remain.

In this ſtate of body and mind, he received a moſt painful ſhock, when, one evening,

evening, returning from a walk, in the place of his little favourite, he met Mrs. Robſon in tears at the door. She told him that William had been ſickening all the day, and was now ſo delirious, that neither ſhe nor his ſiſter could hold him quiet.

Thaddeus went to the ſide of the child's bed, where he lay gaſping on the pillow, with his little face the colour of ſcarlet, and held down by the crying Nanny. The Count touched his cheek.

"Poor child," exclaimed he, "he is in a high fever. Have you ſent for Mr. Vincent?"

"O no, I had not the heart to leave him."

"Then I will go directly," returned Thaddeus; "there is not a moment to be loſt."

The poor woman thanked him. Haſtening through the ſtreets with a velocity and eagerneſs that nearly overſet many of the foot paſſengers, he arrived at Lincoln's Inn Fields; and in leſs than five minutes after

after he had quitted Mrs. Robſon's door, he brought back the apothecary.

On Mr. Vincent's examining the pulſe and countenance of his little patient, he declared the ſymptoms to be the ſmall pox, which ſome caſualty had repelled, but muſt be brought out, elſe the boy's life might be endangered.

Mrs. Robſon, in a paroxyſm of diſtreſs, now recollected that a girl had been brought into her ſhop three days ago, juſt recovered from that frightful malady.

Thaddeus tried to ſubdue the fears of the grandmother; and at laſt ſucceeded in perſuading her to go to bed, whilſt he and Nanny would watch by the pillow of the invalid.

Towards morning, the diſorder broke out in the child's face, and he recovered his recollection. The moment he fixed his eyes on the Count, who was leaning over him with parental ſolicitude, he ſtretched out his little arms, and begged to lie on his breaſt. Thaddeus refuſed him gently, fearful that by any change of poſition, he might catch cold, and ſo again retard

retard what had now so fortunately appeared; but the poor child felt the denial unkind, and began to weep so violently, that his anxious friend thought it better to gratify him, than hazard the irritation of his fever by agitation and crying.

Thaddeus took him out of bed, and rolling him in one of the blankets, laid him in his bosom, and drawing his dressing-gown round him to shield his face from the fire, held him in that situation asleep for nearly two hours.

When Mrs. Robson came down stairs at six o'clock in the morning, she kissed the hand of the Count as he sustained her grandson in his arms, and, almost speechless with gratitude to him, and solicitude for the child, waited the arrival of the apothecary.

On his second visit, he said a few words to her of comfort; but whispered to the Count, as he was feeling William's pulse, that nothing short of the strictest care could save the boy, the infection he had received having been of the most malignant sort.

These

Theſe words of Mr. Vincent, fell like an unrepealable ſentence on the heart of Thaddeus. They ſeemed prophetic. Caſting his eyes down on the diſcoloured features of the patient infant, he fancied that he already beheld its clay-cold face, and its little limbs ſtretched out in death. The idea was bitterneſs to him; and, preſſing the boy to his breaſt, he reſolved that no attention ſhould be wanting on his part, to preſerve him one moment from the grave. And he kept his promiſe.

From that hour, till the day on which the poor babe expired in his arms, he never laid him out of them for ten minutes together: and when he did breathe his laſt ſigh, and raiſed up his little eyes, Thaddeus met their dying glance with a pang, which he thought his ſoul had long loſt the power to feel. His heart appeared to ſtop: and, covering the motionleſs face of the dead child with his hand; unable to ſpeak, he made a ſign to Nanny to leave the room.

The girl, who, from reſpect, had been accuſtomed to obey even his ſlighteſt nod, went

went to her grandmother, who was in the ſhop ſerving a cuſtomer.

The inſtant that the girl had quitted the room, the Count, with mingled awe and grief, lifted the little corpſe from his knee; and without allowing himſelf to caſt another glance on the face of the poor little thing now releaſed from ſuffering, he put it on the bed, and, throwing the ſheet over it, ſunk into a chair, and burſt into tears.

The entrance of Mrs. Robſon, in ſome meaſure reſtored him; for, the moment ſhe perceived her gueſt with his handkerchief over his eyes, ſhe judged what had happened, and, with a piercing ſcream, flew forward to the bed, where, pulling down the covering, ſhe uttered another ſhriek, and muſt have fallen on the floor, had not Thaddeus and little Nanny, who ran in at her cries, caught her in their arms, and bore her to a chair.

Her feelings were too much agitated to allow her to continue long in a ſtate of inſenſibility; and when ſhe recovered ſhe would have again approached the dead child;

child; but the Count held her down, and, trying by every means in his power to ſoothe her, ſo far ſucceeded as to ſubdue her agonies into tears.

Whilſt ſhe concealed her venerable head in the boſom of her grand-daughter, he once more lifted the remains of the little William; and, thinking it beſt for the tranquillity of the unhappy grandmother, to take him out of her ſight, carried him up ſtairs, and laid him on his own bed.

By the time that he returned to the kitchen, one of the female neighbours having heard an unuſual out-cry, and ſuſpecting the cauſe, had kindly ſtepped in to offer her conſolation and ſervices. Mrs. Robſon could only reply by groans, which were anſwered by the ſobs of poor Nanny, who lay weeping with her head againſt the table.

When the Count came down, he thanked the good woman for her benevolent intentions, and, immediately accepting them, took her up ſtairs into his apartments. Pointing to the open door of the bedroom, "There, Madam," ſaid he, "you will

will find the remains of my dear little friend. I beg that you will direct every thing for his interment, as you think would give satisfaction to Mrs. Robson. I would spare that excellent woman every pang in my power."

All was done according to his desire; and Mrs. Watts, the charitable neighbour, both from her own tenderness of disposition, and a reverence for "the extraordinary young gentleman who lodged with her friend," performed her task with kindness and activity.

"O! Sir," cried Mrs. Robson, weeping afresh, as she entered the Count's room, "O! Sir, how shall I ever repay all your goodness? and Mrs. Watts! good soul! she has acted like a sister to me. But indeed, indeed, I am yet the most miserable woman that lives. I have lost my dearest child, and must strip his poor sister and myself to bury him. That cruel Dr. Vincent, though he might have imagined my distress, sent his accompt late last night, saying he wanted to make up a large bill, and he wished I would let him have

have all, or a part of the payment. Heaven knows, I have not a farthing in the houſe: but I will ſend poor little Nanny out to pawn my ſilver ſpoons; for, alas! I have no other means of ſatisfying the cruel man."

"Rapacious wretch!" cried Thaddeus, riſing indignantly from his chair, and for a moment forgetting how incapable he was to afford her relief, "You ſhall not be indebted one inſtant to his mercy. *I* will pay him."

The words had paſſed his lips: he could not retract; though conviction immediately followed, that he had not the means: and he would not have retracted, even ſhould he be neceſſitated to ſell all that he poſſeſſed.

Mrs. Robſon was overwhelmed by this generous promiſe, which indeed ſaved her from ruin. Had her little plate been ſold, it could not have covered one half of Mr. Vincent's demand: who, to do him juſtice, would as ſoon have ſwallowed the bittereſt drug in his ſhop, as have done any thing intentionally to cauſe the diſtreſs that he

he had occaſioned. But, having been ſo readily paid by Thaddeus for his own illneſs; and obſerving his great care and affection for the deceaſed child, he did not doubt, that rather than allow Mrs. Robſon a minute's uneaſineſs, her lodger would likewiſe defray that bill. So far he calculated right; but he had not ſufficient ſagacity to prognoſticate, that in getting his money this way, he ſhould directly loſe the reſpect of Mrs. Robſon and her friend.

The child was to be buried to-morrow; the expences of which, Thaddeus foreſaw that he muſt diſcharge alſo; and he had engaged to pay Mr. Vincent to-night. He had not a ſhilling in his purſe. Over and over, he contemplated the impracticability of anſwering theſe debts; yet he could not for an inſtant repent of what he had undertaken: he thought he was amply recompenſed for bearing ſo heavy a load, in ſeeing that he had taken it off the worn-down heart of another.

Since his unmannerly treatment at the printſeller's, he had never ſufficiently conquered his pride, to attempt an application

to

to another. Whence he had no prospect now, but to collect the money by selling some more things to the pawnbroker,—who had behaved at least with civility.

For this purpose, he took his sabre, his pistols, and the fated brilliant buttons which he had brought back on a similar errand. He lifted them out of their deposit with less reluctance than before. They were now going to be an offering of gratitude and benevolence; an act, which he knew his parents, were they alive, would warmly approve; and he felt, that the end sanctified the means.

It was about half after six in the evening, when he prepared himself for his task. Whether it be congenial with melancholy to seek the gloom, or whether the Count found himself less observed under the shades of night, is not evident; but since his exile, he preferred the dusk to any other part of the day.

Before he went out, he asked Mrs. Robson for Mr. Vincent's bill. Almost sinking with obligation and shame, she put it into his hand, and he left the house.

When he approached a lighted lamp, he opened the paper to ſee the amount; and finding it was near two pounds, he haſtened forwards to the pawnbroker's.

The man was in the ſhop alone. Thaddeus thought himſelf fortunate; and after ſubduing a few qualms, immediately entered the door. The moment he laid his ſword and piſtols on the counter, and declared his wiſh, the man, even through the diſguiſe of a large coat and a ſlouched hat, recollected him. This honeſt money-lender carried ſentiments in his breaſt above his occupation. He did not feel for all the people that preſented themſelves before him, becauſe many bore about them too evident tokens of the exceſſes which brought them to his ſhop; but there was ſomething in the figure and manner of the Count Sobieſki, that ſtruck him at firſt ſight; and by keeping its ſtation in his thoughts, had excited ſo much intereſt in his mind, that he felt a ſenſation of pleaſure when he diſcerned the noble foreigner, in the perſon before him.

Mr.

Mr. Burnet (for ſo this money-lender was called) aſked him what he demanded for the arms.

"I want, perhaps more than you would give. But I have ſomething elſe here," laying down the diamonds: "I want eight guineas."

Mr. Burnet looked at them, and then at their owner, heſitated, and then ſpoke.

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I hope I ſhall not offend you, but theſe things appear to have a value annexed to them, independant of their price—they are inlaid with creſts and cyphers!"

The blood flu ſhed over the cheeks of the Count. He had forgotten this circumſtance; unable to anſwer, he waited to hear what the man would ſay.

"I repeat, Sir, I mean not to offend, but you appear a ſtranger to theſe tranſactions. I only wiſh to ſuggeſt, that in caſe you ſhould ever like to re-poſſeſs theſe things, had you not better pledge them?"

"How?" aſked Thaddeus, irreſolutely, and not knowing what to think of the man's manner.

At that inſtant ſome other people came into the ſhop; and Mr. Burnet gathering up the diamonds and the arms in his hands, ſaid, "If you do not object, Sir, we will ſettle this buſineſs in my back parlour?"

The delicacy of this behaviour, penetrated the mind of Thaddeus; and without further demurring, he followed him into a room. As Mr. Burnet offered his gueſt a a chair, the Count ſpontaneouſly took off his hat, and laid it on the table. Burnet contemplated the ſaddened dignity of his countenance, with renewed intereſt and reſpect; and entreating him to be ſeated, renewed the converſation.

"I ſee, Sir, that you do not underſtand the meaning of pledging, or pawning, for it is one and the ſame thing: but I will explain it in two words. If you leave theſe things with me, I will give you a paper in acknowledgement, and *lend* on them the eight guineas you requeſt; which, when you return to me again, with a ſtated intereſt, you ſhall have your depoſit in exchange."

Sobieſki

Sobieſki received this offer with pleaſure and thanks. He had entertained no idea of any thing more being meant by the trade of pawnbroker, than a man who bought what others wiſhed to ſell.

"Then, Sir," continued Burnet, opening an eſcrutoire, "I will give you the money, and write the paper I ſpoke of."

As he put his hand to a drawer, he heard voices in an adjoining paſſage; and inſtantly ſhutting up the deſk, caught up the things on the table, threw them behind a curtain, and haſtily taking the Count by the hand, "My dear Sir," cried he, "do oblige me and ſtep into that cloſet! you will find a chair. A perſon is coming, whom I will diſpatch in a few ſeconds."

Thaddeus, rather ſurpriſed at ſuch hurry, did as he was deſired; and the door was cloſed on him, juſt as the parlour door opened. Being aware, from the concealing him, that the viſitor came on ſecret buſineſs, he found his ſituation not a little awkward. Seated behind a curtained window, which the lights in the room made tranſparent, he could

not avoid seeing, as well as hearing every thing that passed.

"My dear Mr. Burnet," cried an elegant young creature, who ran into the apartment, "positively without your assistance I shall be undone."

"Any thing in my power, Madam," returned Mr. Burnet, in a distant, respectful voice; "will your ladyship sit down?"

"Yes; give me a chair: I am half dead with distraction. Mr. Burnet, I must have another hundred upon those jewels."

"Indeed, my lady, it is not in my power; you have already had twelve hundred, and upon my honour that is a hundred and fifty more than I ought."

"Pugh, who minds the honour of a pawnbroker!" cried the lady, laughing; "you know very well you live by cheating."

"Well, Ma'am," returned he, with a good natured smile, "as your ladyship pleases."

"Then I please that you let me have another hundred. Why man, you know you

you lent Mrs. Hinchinbroke two thouſand upon a caſe of diamonds not a quarter ſo many as mine."

"But conſider, Madam, Mrs. Hinchinbroke's were of the beſt water."

"Poſitively, Mr. Burdet," exclaimed her ladyſhip, purpoſely miſcalling his name, "not better than mine. The king of Sardinia gave them to Sir Charles when he knighted him. I know mine are the beſt, and I muſt have another hundred. Upon my ſoul, my ſervants have not had a guinea of their board wages theſe four months, and they tell me they are ſtarving! Come, make haſte, Mr. Burnet; you cannot expect me to ſtay here all night."

"Indeed, my lady, I cannot."

"Heavens, what a brute of a man you are! There," cried ſhe, taking a ſtring of pearls from her neck, and throwing it on the table; "lend me ſome of your trumpery out of your ſhop, for I am going immediately from hence to take up the Miſs Dundas's to the play; and ſo give me the hundred on that, and let me go."

"This is not worth a hundred."

"What a teizing man you are!" cried her ladyſhip angrily. "Well, let me have the money now, and I will ſend you the bracelets that belong to the necklace to-morrow."

"Upon thoſe conditions, I will give your ladyſhip another hundred."

"O, do; you are the verieſt miſer I ever met with. You are worſe than Shylock, or—Good lord! what is this?" exclaimed ſhe, interrupting herſelf, and taking up the draught he had laid before her; "And have you the conſcience to think, Mr. Pawnbroker, that *I* will offer this at your banker's? that I will expoſe myſelf ſo far? No, no; take it back, and give me gold. Come, diſpatch! elſe I cannot go to the play. Look, there is my purſe," added ſhe, ſhewing it, "make haſte and fill it."

After ſatisfying her demands, Mr. Burnet handed her ladyſhip out the way ſhe came in, which was by a private paſſage; and having ſeated her in her carriage, made his bow.

Meanwhile, the Count Sobieſki, wrapped in aſtoniſhment at the profligacy which the

the ſcene he had witneſſed implied, remained in his concealment, till the pawnbroker returned and opened the cloſet door.

"Sir," ſaid he, colouring, "you have, undeſignedly on your part, been privy to a very delicate affair; but my credit, Sir, and your honour—"

"Shall both be ſacred," replied the Count, anxious to relieve the poor man from the perplexity in which he ſeemed to think himſelf involved, and therefore forbearing to expreſs any ſurprize. But Burnet perceived it in his look; and before he proceeded to fulfil his engagement with him, ſtepped half way to the eſcrutoire, and reſumed.

"You appear amazed, Sir, at what you have ſeen. And if I am not miſtaken, you are from abroad."

"Indeed I am amazed," replied Sobieſki; "and I am from a country where the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of a tranſaction ſuch as this, would brand the woman with infamy."

"And so it ought," answered Burnet: "though by that sentiment I speak against my own interest; for it is by such ladies as Lady Villiers that we make our money. Now, Sir," continued he, drawing nearer to the table, "perhaps, after what you have just beheld, you will not hesitate to credit what I am going to tell you. I have now in my hands the jewels of one dutchess, three countesses, and women of fashion without number. When they have an ill run at play, they apply to me in their exigencies; first, by bringing their diamonds here, when their husbands suppose them at their bankers', or in their own house; and as their occasions require, on this deposit I lend them money; for which they make me a handsome present when they are released."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Thaddeus, "what a degrading system of deceit must be the whole lives of these women!"

"It is very lamentable," returned Burnet, "but so it is. And they continue to manage

manage matters very cleverly. By giving me their note or word of honour (for if these ladies are not honourable with me, I have their reputations so much in my power, that I could destroy them at once. therefore I hold them in awe; and whatever be their characters, I have no fears on that head), I allow them to have the jewels out for the birth-days, and receive them again when their exhibition is over. As a compensation for these little indulgences, I generally have additions to the present at the end."

Thaddeus could hardly believe such a history of those women, whom travellers mentioned, as not only the most lovely, but the most amiable creatures in the world.

"Surely, Mr. Burnet," cried he, "these women must despise each other; and become contemptible even to our sex?"

"O, no," rejoined the pawnbroker; "they seldom trust each other in these affairs. All my fair customers are not so silly as that pretty little lady who just now left us. She, and another woman of

quality, have made each other confidants in this buſineſs. And Lord have mercy upon me when they come together! They are as ravenous of my money as if it had no other uſe than to ſupply them. As to their huſbands, brothers, and fathers, they are uſually the laſt people who ſuſpect or hear of theſe matters. Their applications, when they run out, are made to Jews and prefeſſed uſurers, a race completely out of our line."

"But, are all Engliſh women of quality of this diſgraceful ſtamp?"

"No, Heaven forbid!" cried Burnet; "if theſe ſpendthrift madams were not held in awe by their dread of ſuperior characters, we ſhould have no dependence whatever on their promiſes. O, no; there are ladies about court, whoſe virtues are as eminent as their rank: women, whoſe actions might all be performed in mid-day, before the world; and them, I never ſee within my doors."

"Well, Mr. Burnet," rejoined Thaddeus, ſmiling, "I am glad to hear that. Yet I cannot forget the unexpected view of the

the ſo famous Britiſh fair, which this night has offered to my eyes. It is ſtrange!"

"It is very bad, indeed, Sir," returned the man, giving him the money and the paper that he had been preparing; "but if you ſhould have occaſion to call again upon me, perhaps you may be aſtoniſhed ſtill farther."

The Count bowed; and thanking him for his kindneſs, wiſhed him a good evening and left the ſhop.

It was about ſeven o'clock when Thaddeus arrived at the apothecary's. Mr. Vincent was from home. To ſay the truth, he had purpoſely gone out of the way. For though he did not heſitate to commit a ſhabby action, he had not courage to face its conſequence; and, to avoid the probable remonſtrances of Mrs. Robſon, he had commiſſioned his aſſiſtant to receive the amount of the bill. The Count, without making an obſervation, having paid the man, was returning homeward, along Duke's-ſtreet and the Piazzas of Drury-lane Theatre, when the crowd that was preſſing

preſſing round the doors, conſtrained him to ſtop.

After two or three ineffectual attempts to get through the buſtle without throwing himſelf into the midſt of the ſplendid groupes, that were paſſing from their carriages to the doors, he retreated a little behind the mob, at the moment when a chariot drew up, and a gentleman ſtepping out with two ladies, darted with them into the houſe. One glance was ſufficient for the Count, who recognized his friend Pembroke Somerſet, in high dreſs, gay, and laughing. The heart of Thaddeus ſprang to him at the ſight; and forgetting his neglect and his own misfortunes, he ejaculated,

"Somerſet!"

Trembling with eagerneſs and pleaſure, he preſſed through the crowd, and entered the paſſage, at the inſtant the green door ſhut in upon his friend.

The diſappointment was dreadful. To be ſo near Somerſet and to loſe him, was more than he could ſuſtain. His bounding heart

heart recoiled; and the chill of deſpair running through his veins, turned him almoſt faint. Leaning againſt the door, he took his hat off to give himſelf a little air. He had ſcarcely ſtood a minute in this ſituation, revolving whether he ſhould follow his friend into the houſe or wait till he came out again, when a gentleman begged him to make way for a party of ladies that were entering. Thaddeus moved on one ſide; but the opening of the green door caſting a ſtrong light, both on his face and the groupe behind, his eyes and thoſe of the impertinent inquiſitor of the Hummums met each other.

Whether the man were conſcious that he deſerved chaſtiſement for his former inſolence, and dreaded to meet it now, cannot be explained; but he turned pale and ſhuffled by Thaddeus, as if he were fearful to truſt himſelf a ſecond time within reach of his graſp. For the Count, he was too deeply intereſted in his own purſuit, to waſte one ſurmiſe about him.

He

He continued to ponder on the ſudden and unexpected ſight of Pembroke Somerſet, which had conjured up ten thouſand fond and diſtreſſing recollections; and with impatient anxiety determining to watch till the performance was over, he thought of enquiring his friend's addreſs of the ſervants; but on looking round for that purpoſe, perceived that the chariot had driven away.

Thus foiled, he returned to his poſt near the green door; where he ſoon ſaw it opened ſeveral times by footmen paſſing and repaſſing. Judging that the chamber within might be a lobby, in which he would be leſs likely to miſs his object, he entered with the next perſon that approached; and ſeeing ſeats along the ſides of the place, he ſat down on the one neareſt to the ſtairs.

His firſt idea was to proceed into the play-houſe. But on reflection, he conſidered the little chance of finding any individual in ſo vaſt a building, as not equal to the expence he ſhould incur. Beſides, from

from the dreſs of the gentlemen who entered the box door, he was ſenſible that a great coat and round hat were not admiſſible.

Having remained near an hour, with his eyes invariably fixed on the ſtairs; he obſerved that ſame curious perſon who had paſſed almoſt directly after his friend, came down the ſteps and walk out of the door. In two minutes he was returning again with a ſmirking countenance, and alert ſteps; when his eyes accidentally falling on the Count, (who ſat with his arms folded and himſelf almoſt hidden by his hat and the ſhadow of the wall,) he appeared to faulter in his walk; and ſtretching out his neck towards him, the gay grin left his features; and exclaiming in an impatient voice, "Confound him!" he haſtened once more into the houſe.

This rencontre with his Hummums acquaintance, affected Thaddeus as ſlightly as the former; and without even annexing a thought to his figure, as it flitted by him, he remained, watching the paſſage till half after eleven. At which hour the doors being thrown

thrown open, the company began to pour forth.

The Count's hopes were again on his lips, and in his eyes. With the firſt party that came down the ſteps, he immediately roſe; and planting himſelf cloſe to the bottom ſtair, drew his hat over his face, and narrowly examined each groupe as it deſcended. Every freſh ſet that he heard approach, made his breaſt palpitate. How often did his heart riſe and fall during the long ſucceſſion which continued moving for near half an hour!

By twelve, the houſe was completely cleared. He ſaw the middle door locked; and motionleſs with diſappointment, did not attempt to ſtir, till the man who held the keys told him to go, as he was about to faſten the other doors.

This rouſed Thaddeus. And as he was preparing to obey, he aſked the man if there were any other paſſage from the boxes.

"Yes," cried he, "there is one that goes into Drury-lane."

"Then

"Then, by that I have loſt him!" was the reply which he made to himſelf. And returning homewards, he arrived there a few minutes after twelve.

CHAP. III.

THADDEUS awoke in the morning with his heart full of the laſt night's rencontre. One moment, he regretted that he had not been ſeen by his friend; and in the next, when he ſurveyed his altered ſtate, was almoſt reconciled to the diſappointment: then reproaching himſelf for a pride ſo unbecoming his principles and diſhonourable to friendſhip, he aſked, If he were in Somerſet's place and Somerſet in his, whether he could ever pardon that moroſe delicacy, which would prevent the knowledge of his friend's misfortunes and arrival in the ſame kingdom?

Theſe reflections ſoon perſuaded his judgment to what he was ſo much inclined, determining him to enquire Pembroke's addreſs of every one likely to know a man of Sir Robert Somerſet's conſequence; and then to venture a letter.

In

In the midſt of theſe meditations, the door opened, and Mrs. Robſon appeared before him drowned in tears.

"My dear, dear Sir!" cried ſhe, "my William is going; I have juſt taken my laſt look of its ſweet face. Will you go down, and ſay farewell to the poor child you loved ſo dearly?"

"No, my good madam;" returned Thaddeus, his ſtraying thoughts at once gathering round this ſad center, "I will rather retain you here until the melancholy taſk be entirely accompliſhed."

With a gentle violence he forced her upon a ſeat, and in ſilence ſupported her head on his ſide, againſt which ſhe unconſciouſly leaned and wept. He liſtened with a painful melancholy to the removal of the coffin; and at the cloſing of the ſtreet-door, which for ever ſhut the little William from that houſe in which he had been the ſource of pleaſure. A tear trickled down the cheek of Thaddeus, and the groans of the poor grandmother were audible.

The Count, incapable of ſpeaking, ſqueezed her hand in his.

"O,

"O, Mr. Conſtantine!" cried ſhe, "ſee how my ſupports, one after the other, are taken from me! firſt my ſon, and now his infant! To what ſhall I be at laſt reduced?"

"You have ſtill, my good Mrs. Robſon, a friend in heaven, that will ſupply the place of all that you have loſt on earth."

"True, dear Sir; I am a wicked creature to ſpeak as I have done: but it is hard to ſuffer; it is hard to loſe all we loved in the world!"

"It is," returned the Count, greatly affected at her grief. "But you are not yet deprived of all; you have a granddaughter."

"Ah, poor little thing! what will become of her when I die? I uſed often to think what a precious brother my darling William would have proved to his ſiſter, when I ſhould be no more."

This additional diſtreſs which her fancy had conjured up, augmented the affliction of the good old woman. And Thaddeus, looking on her with his compaſſionate ſoul beaming in his eyes, exclaimed,

"Mrs.

" Mrs. Robſon, the ſame almighty being that protected me, the laſt of my family, will protect the orphan offspring of ſo excellent a woman as yourſelf."

Mrs. Robſon lifted her head for a moment. She had never before heard him utter a ſentence of his own hiſtory; and what he had now let drop, added to the tender ſolemnity of his manner, for an inſtant arreſted her attention.—He went on.

" In me, you ſee a man, who within the ſhort ſpace of three months, has loſt a grandfather that loved him as fondly as you did your William; a mother, whom he ſaw expire before him, and whoſe ſacred remains he was forced to leave in the hands of her murderers! Yes, Mrs. Robſon, I have neither parents nor a home. *I was a ſtranger, and you took me in;* and heaven will reward your family in kind. At leaſt I promiſe that, whilſt I live, whatever be my fate, ſhould you be called hence, I will protect your grand-daughter with a brother's affection."

" May heaven in its mercy bleſs you!" cried Mrs. Robſon, dropping on her knees.

Thaddeus raiſed her with guſhing eyes; and having replaced her in a ſeat, left the room for a few minutes to recover himſelf.

In the evening, Mrs. Watts, according to the Count's deſire, called with an eſtimate of the expences attending the child's interment. Fees and every thing collected, the demand on his benevolence was ſix pounds. The ſum proved rather more than he had expected, but he paid it without a a demur; leaving himſelf only a few ſhillings.

He conſidered what he had done as the fulfilment of a duty ſo indiſpenſible, that it muſt have been accompliſhed even by the ſacrifice of his uttermoſt farthing. Gratitude and diſtreſs held claims upon him which he would never allow his neceſſities in the ſmalleſt inſtance to tranſgreſs. All gifts of mere generoſity were beyond his power, and conſequently in a ſhort time beyond his wiſh; but to the cry of want and wretchedneſs, his hand and heart were ever open. Often has he in the ſtreet given away to a ſtarving child, that pittance which was to purchaſe his own hard meal; and

and never felt ſuch neglect of himſelf a privation. To have turned his eyes and ears from the little mendicant, would have been the hardeſt ſtruggle; and the remembrance of ſuch inhumanity would have haunted him to his pillow. This being the natural diſpoſition of the Count Sobieſki, it had been ſo foſtered and directed by the venerable Palatine, that he now found it more difficult to bear calamity when viewing another's poverty, whom he could not relieve, than when penury aſſailed himſelf in all its ſhapes of deſolation.

Towards night the idea of Somerſet, again preſented itſelf. When he fell aſleep, his dreams repeated the ſcene at the play-houſe; again he ſaw him, and again he eluded his graſp.

His waking thoughts were not leſs true to their object; and the next morning he went to a coffee-houſe in the lane, where he called for breakfaſt, and inquired of the maſter if he knew any thing of Sir Robert Somerſet. The queſtion was no ſooner aſked than it was anſwered to his ſatisfaction. The Court Guide was examined,

and he found this addreſs, ‘ *Sir Robert Somerſet, Bart. Groſvenor Square,—Somerſet Caſtle L—ſhire,——Deerhurſt C——ſhire.*’

Gladdened by the diſcovery, Thaddeus haſtened home; and unwilling to affect the feelings of his friend by a ſudden appearance, with an overflowing heart wrote the following letter.

“ To Pembroke Somerſet, Eſq. Groſvenor Square.

“ Dear Somerſet!

“ Will the name at the bottom of this paper ſurpriſe you? Will it give you pleaſure? I cannot ſuffer myſelf to retain a doubt, although you have by the ſilence of two years almoſt convinced me that I am forgotten. In truth, Somerſet, I had reſolved never to obtrude myſelf and my misfortunes on your knowledge, until laſt Wedneſday night, when I ſaw you going into Drury-lane Theatre; the ſight of you quelled all my reſentment, and I called after you, but you did not hear. Pardon me, my dear friend, that I ſpeak of reſentment. It is a hard leſſon to learn, that of being reſigned

reſigned to the forgetfulneſs of them we love.

" Notwithſtanding that I loſt my pocket-book with your direction, in a ſkirmiſh ſoon after your departure, I have written to you frequently at a venture; and yet, though you knew in what ſpot in Poland you left Thaddeus and his family, I have never heard of you ſince the day of our ſeparation. Yet, you muſt have ſome good reaſon for your ſilence; at leaſt I will hope ſo,—and let me beg that I may either hear from you or ſee you directly you receive this.

" Doubtleſs, public report has afforded you ſome information relative to the deſtruction of my ever-beloved country! I bear its fate on myſelf. You will find me in a poor lodging at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane. You will find me changed in every thing. The firſt horrors of grief have ſubſided, and my deareſt conſolation riſes in the midſt of my affliction, out of what was its bittereſt cauſe: I thank heaven, that my revered grandfather and mother were taken from a conſummation

of ills, that would have reduced them to a misery which I am content to endure alone.

"Come to me, dear Somerset. To look on you, to press you to my heart, will be a happiness, that even in hope makes my heart throb with pleasure.

"I will remain at home all day to-morrow in the expectation of seeing you; mean while adieu, my dear Somerset! you will find, at No. 5, St. Martin's Lane, your very affectionate

"Thaddeus Constantine Sobieski.

"*Friday noon.*

"P. S. Inquire for me by the name of Mr. Constantine."

With the most delightful emotions Thaddeus sealed this letter, and gave it to Nanny, with orders to inquire at the post-office when he might expect an answer. The child returned with the information that it would reach Grosvenor Square in an hour, and therefore he could have the reply by three o'clock.

Three o'clock arrived, but no letter. Thaddeus counted the hours till midnight, which

which brought him nothing but diſappointment. The whole of the ſucceeding day wore away in the ſame uncomfortable manner. His heart bounded at every ſtep that ſounded in the paſſage, and, throwing open his room door, he liſtened to every perſon that ſpoke, but none bore any reſemblance to the voice of Somerſet.

Night again ſhut in, and the Count, overcome by a train of doubts, in which deſpondence had now the greateſt ſhare, threw himſelf on his bed unable to cloſe his eyes.

Whatever be our afflictions, not one human creature, who has endured misfortune, will heſitate to aver, that, of all the tortures incident to mortality, there are none like the rackings of ſuſpence. It is the hell which Milton deſcribes with ſuch horrible accuracy; in its hot and cold regions the anxious ſoul of man is alternately toſſed from the ardours of hope, to the petrifying rigours of doubt and dread. Men who have not been ſuſpended between confidence and fear, in the faith of a beloved friend, are ignorant of '*the nerve whence*

agonies are born.' It is, when ſunk in ſorrow, when adverſity loads us with divers miſeries, and our wretchedneſs is complete; it is then we feel, that though life is brief, there are few friendſhips which have ſtrength to follow it to the end.

Such were the reflections of the Count Sobieſki, when he aroſe in the morning from his ſleepleſs pillow. The idea that the letter might have been delayed, afforded him a faint hope, which he cheriſhed all day, clinging to the expectation of ſeeing his friend before ſunſet. But Somerſet did not appear; and Thaddeus, obliged to ſeek an excuſe for his abſence in the ſuppoſition that his application had miſcarried, rather than haſtily abandon himſelf to the belief that he was treated with cruelty and ingratitude, determined to write once more, and deliver the letter himſelf at his friend's door. Accordingly, with different ſenſations from thoſe with which he had addreſſed him a few days before, he wrote theſe lines.

"To

" To Pembroke Somerſet, Eſq.

" If he, who once called Thaddeus Sobieſki his friend, have received a letter which that exile addreſſed to him on Friday laſt, this note will meet the ſame neglect. But if this be the firſt intelligence that tells Somerſet, his friend is in town; though robbed of all that he poſſeſſed, he will receive him with open arms at his humble abode in St. Martin's Lane.

" Sunday Evening, No. 5, St. Martin's Lane."

Thaddeus, having ſealed the letter, walked out in ſearch of Sir Robert Somerſet's habitation. After ſome inquiries he found out Groſvenor Square; and, notwithſtanding the darkneſs of the night was directed to the houſe by the light of the lamps and the luſtres that ſhone through the open windows. He heſitated a few minutes on the pavement, and looked up. An old gentleman was ſtanding with a little boy at the neareſt window. Whilſt the Count's eyes were fixed on theſe two figures, he ſaw Somerſet himſelf come up to the child

and lead it away towards a groupe of ladies.

Thaddeus immediately flew to the door with a tremor over his frame which communicated itſelf to the knocker, for he knocked with ſuch violence that the door was opened in an inſtant by half a dozen footmen at once. He ſpoke to one.

"Is Mr. Pembroke Somerſet at home?"

"Yes," replied the man, ſuppoſing him to be a viſitor, and making way for him to paſs.

"I do not want to ſee him now," rejoined the Count; "only, give him that letter directly, for it is of conſequence."

"Certainly, Sir," replied the ſervant; and Thaddeus inſtantly withdrew.

He now turned homewards, with his mind more than commonly depreſſed. There was a ſomething in the whole affair that pierced him to the ſoul. He had ſeen the houſe that contained the man he moſt warmly loved, but he had not been admitted within it. He could not forbear recollecting, that when his gates had opened wide as his heart to welcome Pembroke Somerſet,

Somerſet, how he had been implored by his then grateful friend, to bring the Palatine and the Counteſs with their retinue to England, where his father would be proud to entertain them as the preſervers of his ſon. How different did he find the reality, to all theſe profeſſions. Inſtead of ſeeing the doors open to welcome him, he had been allowed to ſtand like a beggar on the threſhold; and had heard them ſhut againſt him, whilſt the form of Somerſet glided above him, even as the ſhadow of his buried joys.

Theſe diſcomforting retroſpections on the paſt, and painful meditations on the preſent, continued to occupy his mind; till, paſſing over from Picadilly to Coventry Street, he perceived a wretched looking man, almoſt bent double, accoſting a party of people in broken French, and imploring their charity.

The voice, and the accent being Sclavonian, arreſted the ear of Thaddeus. Drawing cloſe to the man as the party proceeded without taking notice of his appli-

cation, he haſtily aſked, "are you a Polander?"

"Father of mercies!" cried the beggar, catching hold of his hand, "am I ſo bleſſed! have I at laſt met him!" and burſting into tears, he leaned upon the arm of the Count, who, hardly able to articulate from ſurpriſe, exclaimed, "dear, worthy Butzou! What a time is this for you and I to meet! But come, you muſt go home with me."

"Willingly, my dear lord," returned he; "for I have none. I have begged my way from Harwich to this town; and have already ſpent two diſmal nights in the ſtreets."

"O my country!" cried the full heart of Thaddeus.

"Yes," continued the poor old ſoldier, "it received its death-wound, when Koſciuſzko and my honoured maſter fell."

Thaddeus could make no reply; but, ſupporting the exhauſted frame of his friend, who was hardly able to walk, he gladly deſcried his own door.

The

The widow opened it the moment he knocked, and, seeing some one with him, was retreating, when Thaddeus, who found from the silence of Butzou and his increasing feebleness, that he was near fainting, begged her to allow him to take his companion into her kitchen. She instantly made way; and whilst the Count placed him in the arm-chair by the fire, the poor man seemed at once bereft of sensation.

"He is my friend, my father's friend!" cried Thaddeus, looking at his pale and haggard face, with a strange wildness in his own features, "for heaven's sake give me something to restore him!"

Mrs. Robson in dismay, and literally having nothing better in the house, gave him a glass of water.

"That will not do;" exclaimed he, still upholding the motionless body on his arm; "have you no wine? nothing? He is dying for want."

"None, Sir; I have none;" answered she, frightened at the violence of his manner; "Run, Nanny, and borrow some of Mrs. Watts."

"Do," ſaid Thaddeus; "and bring me a bottle from the neareſt inn." As he ſpoke, he threw her the only half guinea he poſſeſſed, and added, "fly, for he may die in a few minutes."

The child flew like lightning over to the Golden-croſs; and brought in the wine juſt as Butzou had opened his eyes, and was gazing at Thaddeus with a languid agony that penetrated his ſoul. Mrs. Robſon held the water to his lips. He ſwallowed a little, and ſcarcely articulated, whilſt his head dropped back on the chair, "I am periſhing for want of food."

Thaddeus caught the bottle from Nanny, and pouring ſome wine into a glaſs, made him drink nearly all. This draught appeared to revive him. He raiſed himſelf up in his ſeat, and, though ſtill panting and ſpeechleſs, leaned his ſwimming head upon the boſom of his friend, who knelt by his ſide, whilſt Mrs. Robſon was preparing ſome toaſted bread and mulled wine.

After much exertion between the good landlady and the Count, they ſufficiently recovered the poor invalid to lead him up

ſtairs, and lay him on the bed. The natural drowſineſs attendant on debility, aided by the fumes of the wine, threw him into an immediate and deep ſleep.

Thaddeus ſeeing him at reſt, thought it proper to go down to Mrs. Robſon, and by a partial hiſtory of his friend, ſatisfy her about the cauſe of the ſcene that ſhe had juſt beheld. He found the good woman ſurpriſed and concerned, but no way diſpleaſed; and in a few words he gave her a ſummary explanation of the precipitancy with which, without her permiſſion, he had introduced a ſtranger to her roof.

The ſubſtance of what he ſaid, related, that the perſon up ſtairs had ſerved with him in the army; that in conſequence of the ruin of his country, (which he could no longer conceal was Poland,) he had flown in queſt of him to England; and in his journey had ſuſtained thoſe misfortunes which had reduced him to the ſtate ſhe had witneſſed.

"I met him," continued he, "as a beggar in the ſtreet; and whilſt he lives, I ſhall hold it my duty to protect him. I

love

love him for his own ſake, and I honour him for my grandfather. Beſides, Mrs. Robſon," cried he, with additional energy, "before I left my country I made a vow to my Sovereign, that, where ever I ſhould meet this brave old man, I would ſerve him to the laſt hour of his life. Therefore we muſt part no more. Will you give him ſhelter?" added he, in a ſubdued voice, "Will you allow me to retain him in my apartments?"

"Willingly, Sir; but how can I accommodate him? he is already in your bed, and I have got no other."

"Leave that to me, beſt, kindeſt of women!" exclaimed the Count; "your permiſſion has rendered me happy."

He then wiſhed her a good night; and returning up ſtairs, wrapped himſelf in his dreſſing gown, and paſſed the night by the little fire of the ſitting room.

CHAP. IV.

OWING to comfortable refreſhment, and a night of quiet and undiſturbed ſleep, General Butzou awoke in the morning much recovered from the weakneſs which had ſubdued him the preceding day.

Thaddeus obſerved this change with pleaſure. Whilſt he ſat by his bed, miniſtering to him with the care of a ſon, he dwelt with a melancholy delight on his reverend features; and liſtened to his languid voice, with thoſe tender aſſociations, and ſenſations of the heart, which are delicious, though they pierce it with anguiſh.

"Tell me, my dear General," ſaid he, "for I can bear to hear it now; tell me what has befallen my unhappy country ſince I quitted it?"

"Every calamity," cried the brave old man ſhaking his head, "that tyranny could deviſe."

"Well,

"Well, go on;" returned the Count, with a ſmile that too truly painted the pretended compoſure of his air; "we, who have beheld her ſufferings and yet live, need not fear hearing them related! Did you ſee the King before he left Warſaw? He told me, that he was to be baniſhed to Grodno ſome time in the laſt month."

"No," replied Butzou, "our oppreſſors took care of that. Whilſt you, my lord, were recovering of your wounds in the citadel, I ſet off for Sachoryn to join Prince Poniatowſki. In my way thither, I met ſome ſoldiers, who informed me that his Highneſs had been compelled to diſcharge the troops, and was returning to ſupport his brother under the indignities which the haughtineſs of Suwarrow might premeditate. I then directed my ſteps towards Sendomir, where I hoped to find Wawrzecki with a few faithful followers; but here too I was diſappointed. Two days before my arrival, that General had, according to orders, diſbanded the whole party. I now found that Poland was completely in the hands of her ravagers, and I prepared

prepared to return. I was ſhocked and agonized at every ſtep I re-trod. I beheld the ſhores of the Viſtula lined on every ſide with Ruſſian troops. Ten thouſand were poſted on her banks, and eighteen thouſand amongſt the ruins of Prague and Villanow.

"When I approached the walls of Warſaw, imagine, my dear Count, how great was my indignation! How barbarous, how unmanly, the conduct of our enemies! Around the city, batteries of cannon were erected, that on the leaſt ſymptom of diſcontent were commanded to level it with the ground.

"On the morning of my arrival, I was haſtening to the palace to pay my duty to the King, when a Ruſſian officer intercepted me, and threatened that, if I attempted to paſs, my obſtinacy would be fatal to myſelf, and hazardous to his Majeſty, whoſe confinement and ſufferings ſhould increaſe in proportion to the adherents he retained amongſt the Poles. Hearing this, I was turning away overwhelmed with grief and anger, juſt as the doors of the audience-

audience-chamber opened, and the Counts Potocki, Kilinſki, and ſeveral others of your grandfather's deareſt friends, were led out under a ſtrong guard. I was ſtanding motionleſs with ſurpriſe, when Potocki, perceiving me, held forth his hand. I took it, and, wringing it, in the bitterneſs of my heart uttered ſome words which I cannot remember; but the Ruſſian bade me beware how I again gave way to ſuch injurious warmth.

"Farewell, my worthy General," ſaid the Count, "you ſee that we are arreſted. We have loved Poland too faithfully for her enemies; and for that reaſon are to be ſent out of the way to morrow to Peterſburgh. Though we are priſoners, we ſhall at leaſt have the conſolation of ſharing the ſame fate with Koſciuſzko."—"Sir, I cannot admit of this converſation." Cried the officer of the guard; who commanding the eſcort to proceed, I loſt ſight of theſe illuſtrious patriots probably for ever.

"I underſtood from the few Poles that remained in the citadel, that the good Staniſlaus was to be ſent on the ſame diſmal journey to Grodno the next day. And that

that you had quitted Poland the moment your wounds would allow you to move, that you might at leaſt avoid the ſight of Suwarrow's triumphant entry, which happened on the ninth of November laſt. On the eighth, I believe, you left Warſaw for England."

"Yes," replied the Count, who with a breaking heart had liſtened to this diſtreſſing narrative; "and doubtleſs, I ſaved myſelf much miſery?"

"You did. One of the magiſtrates deſcribed to me the whole ſcene, at which I would not have been preſent for worlds. He told me, that when the morning arrived in which the Ruſſian was to make his public entrée, not a citizen would be ſeen without compulſion. A dead ſilence reigned in the ſtreets; the doors and windows of every houſe remained ſo cloſed, that a ſtranger might have ſuppoſed it to be a general mourning; and it was the bittereſt that could have fallen upon our ſouls! At this moment, when Warſaw in a manner lay dying at the feet of her conqueror, the Ruſſian troops marched into the

the city, and lined the roads, the only ſpectators of their own horrible tragedy. At length, with eyes that could no longer weep, the magiſtrates, reluctant, and full of indignation, proceeded to meet Suwarrow and his train on the bridge of Prague. When they came near enough to the proceſſion, they preſented the keys of Warſaw on their knees."

"On their knees!" interrupted Thaddeus, ſtarting up, and the blood flushing over his face.

"Yes," anſwered Butzou, "on their knees."

"Father of heaven!" exclaimed the Count, walking about the room with emotion, "why did not the earth open and ſwallow them? Why did not the blood which ſaturated the ſpot whereon they knelt, cry out to them? O Butzou, this humiliation of Poland is worſe to me than all her miſeries!"

"I felt as you feel, my lord;" continued the General, "and I expreſſed myſelf with the ſame reſentment; but the magiſtrate who related to me the circumſtance, urged in

in excuſe for himſelf and his brethren, that ſuch a form was neceſſary; and had they refuſed, probably their lives would have been forfeited."

"Well," inquired Thaddeus, reſuming his ſeat, "but where was the King during this tranſaction?"

"In the caſtle; where he ſoon underwent a ſimilar ſcene, and received orders to be preſent next day at a public thankſgiving, when all the inhabitants of Warſaw were forced to attend a *te deum* in gratitude for the deſtruction of their country. I thank heaven, I was ſpared from witneſſing this monſtrous blaſphemy; I was then at Sendomir. The day after I heard theſe horrid accounts, I ſaw the carriage which contained the good Staniſlaus, guarded, like a traitor's, out of the gates; and that very hour I left the country. I travelled towards Hamburgh, where I took my paſſage to Harwich. From fatigue, one of my old wounds broke out afreſh, and, continuing ill a week, I expended the little money I had brought with me. Reduced to my laſt ſhilling, and eager to find you, I begged

begged my way from that town to this. I had already ſpent two miſerable days and nights in the open air, with no other ſuſtenance than the caſual charity of paſſengers, when heaven ſent you to ſave me from periſhing in the ſtréets."

Butzou preſſed the hand of his young friend, as he concluded. Diſpleaſure ſtill kept its ſtation on the Count's features. The good General obſerved it with ſatisfaction, well pleaſed that indignation at the ſuppoſed puſillanimity of his countrymen, prevented thoſe burſts of grief, which he had expected from his ſenſible nature, when he ſhould be informed that the ruin of Poland was confirmed.

Towards evening, General Butzou fell aſleep. Thaddeus, leaning back on his chair, fixed his eyes on the fire, and pondered, with amazement and ſorrow, on all that had paſſed. When it was nearly dark, and he was yet loſt in his muſings, Mrs. Robſon gently opened the door with a candle in her hand, and preſenting a letter. "Here, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "is a letter a ſervant has

has juſt left; he told me there required no anſwer."

Thaddeus had ſprung from his ſeat at the ſight of the paper, and, almoſt catching it from her, his former gloomy cogitations diſperſed before the hopes and fond emotions of friendſhip which now lit up in his boſom. Mrs. Robſon had withdrawn. He looked at the ſuperſcription, it was the hand-writing of his friend. Tearing it aſunder, two folded papers preſented themſelves; he opened them, and they were his own letters, which had been read and returned to him without a word. His beating heart felt ſuddenly chilled. Letting the papers fall from his hand, he dropped down on a ſeat, and cloſed his eyes, as if he would ſhut them from the world and its ingratitude.

Unable to recover from the aſtoniſhment into which this event had thrown him, his thoughts whirled about in a ſucceſſion of accuſations, ſurmiſes, and doubts, that ſeemed for a few minutes to drive him to diſtraction.

"Was

"Was it really the hand of Somerset?"

Again he examined the *envelope*. It was; and the enclosure were his own letters, without one word of apology for such ingratitude.

"Could he make one? No," replied Thaddeus to himself. "Unhappy that I am, to have been induced to apply twice to so despicable a man! Oh, Somerset," cried he, looking at the papers as they lay before him, "was it necessary that insult must be added to unfaithfulness and ingratitude, to throw me off entirely? Good heaven! did he think, because I wrote twice, that I would persecute him with applications? Well, I have been told that this is mankind; but, that I should find it in him!"

In this way, agitated and muttering, and walking up and down the room, he spent another wakeful and cheerless night.

Next morning, when the Count went down stairs to beg Mrs. Robson to attend his friend till his return, she mentioned what uneasiness he had occasioned her the preceding night, as she had heard him most of the time moving above her head. He

was

was accounting to her for his reſtleſſneſs, by complaining of a head-ache that would not allow him to ſleep, when ſhe interrupted him by ſaying, "O no, Sir; I am ſure it is the hard boards you lie on to accommodate the poor old gentleman. I am certain you will make yourſelf ill."

Thaddeus thanked her for her ſolicitude; but, declaring that nothing of the kind was any hardſhip to him, he left her; and, with his drawings in his pocket, once more took the path to Great Newport Street.

Indignation againſt his fickle friend, and anxiety for the tranquillity of General Butzou, whoſe age, infirmities, and ſufferings, threatened a ſpeedy termination of his life, determined the Count to ſacrifice all falſe delicacy and weakneſs, and to hazard another attempt at acquiring the means of affording thoſe comforts to the ſick veteran which his ſtate demanded. Happen how it would, he reſolved that Butzou ſhould never know the complete wreck of his property. He ſhuddered at loading him, with the additional diſtreſs, of feeling that he was a burthen on his protector.

Thaddeus paſſed the door of the print-ſeller who had behaved ſo ill to him on his firſt application; and, walking to the fartheſt ſhop on that ſide, entered it, and, laying his drawings on the counter, requeſted the maſter to look at them. The man opened the packet; and the Count, dreading a ſecond repulſe, or even more than ſimilar inſolence, haſtily added:

"They are ſcenes in Germany. If you like to have them, their price is a guinea."

"Are you the painter, Sir?" aſked the man.

"Yes, Sir. Do they pleaſe you?"

"Yes;" anſwered the man, examining them nearer, "there is a breadth and freedom in the ſtyle which is novel, and may take. I will give you your demand."

Thaddeus rejoiced that he had ſucceeded where he really felt no hope; and with a bow was leaving the ſhop, when the man called after him, "Sir! Sir!"

Thaddeus returned, prepared to hear ſome impertinent remark.

It is a ſtrange thing, but it is true; that thoſe who have been thruſt by misfortune to

to a ſtate beneath their birth and expectations, feel as if they were the object of univerſal hoſtility. They ſee contempt in every eye, they ſuppoſe inſult in every word; the ſlighteſt neglect is ſufficient to ſet the ſenſitive pride of the unfortunate in a blaze: and, alas! how little is this ſenſibility reſpected by the rich and gay in their dealings with the unhappy! To what an addition of miſery are the wretched expoſed; meeting not only thoſe contumelies which the proſperous are not backward to beſtow, but thoſe fancied ills, that, however unfounded, keep the mind in a conſtant fever with itſelf and warfare with the ſurrounding world!

Repeated inſults had taught the Count Sobieſki to feel much of this anticipating irritability; and it was with a very haughty ſtep that he turned back to hear what the print-ſeller had to ſay.

"I only want to aſk, whether you follow this art as a profeſſion?"

"Yes."

"Then, I will be glad if you can furniſh me with ſix ſuch drawings every week."

"Certainly." replied Thaddeus, pleased with the probability of securing something towards the support of his friend.

"Then bring me another half dozen next Monday."

Thaddeus promised, and with a more satisfied mind took his way homewards.

Who is there in England that does not remember the dreadful Winter of 1794, when the whole country lay buried in a thick ice that seemed eternal? Over that ice, and through those snows, the venerable General Butzou had begged his way from Harwich to London; resting at night under the shelter of some shed or out-house. The effect of this, was a painful rheumatism that fixed itself in his limbs, and now rendered them nearly useless.

Two or three weeks passed over the heads of the General and his young protector; Thaddeus, cheering the old man with his smiles; and, he in return, imparting the only pleasure to him that his melancholy heart could receive; the conviction that his attentions and affection were productive of comfort.

In

In the exercise of these duties, the Count not only felt his health gradually recover its tone, but his mind become more tranquil, and less prone to those sudden floods of regret and feeling which had been rapidly sapping his life.

By a strict economy on his own part, he managed to pay the widow and support his friend, out of the weekly profits of his drawings, which were now and then augmented, by a commission to do one or two more than the stipulated number.

Thus, conversing with Butzou, reading to him when awake, or pursuing his drawing when he slept, Thaddeus spent the time until the beginning of March.

One fine star-light evening in that month, just before the frost broke up, after painting all day, he put on his hat, and, desiring little Nancy to take care of the General, he left his work at the print-seller's, and then proceeded through Piccadilly, intending to go as far as Hyde Park Corner, and return.

Much pleased with the beauty of the night, he walked on, not remarking that

he had paſſed the turnpike, till he heard a ſcream. The ſound ſeemed to come from near the Park-wall. He immediatly hurried along, and came up with a woman who was ſtruggling with a man that was ſwearing and behaving in a very brutiſh manner.

Without a moment's heſitation, Thaddeus with one blow of his arm ſent the fellow reeling againſt the wall. But whilſt he ſupported the outraged perſon, who was fainting, the man recovered himſelf, and, flying at her champion, aimed a ſtroke at his head with an immenſe bludgeon, which the Count catching hold of as it deſcended, wrenched out of his hand. The horrid oaths of the ruffian, and the hyſterical ſhrieks of the woman, ſoon collected a mob; when the villain, fearing worſe uſage, made off, and left Thaddeus to reſtore the terrified woman at his leiſure.

As ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, ſhe thanked her deliverer in a voice and language that aſſured him it was no common perſon he had befriended. Though, in the circumſtance of her diſtreſs, all would have been

been the ſame to him; a helpleſs female was inſulted, and whatever were her rank, he felt that ſhe had an equal claim on his protection.

The mob diſperſed; and the Count, finding the lady capable of walking, begged permiſſion to ſee her ſafe home.

"I thank you, Sir," replied ſhe; "and I accept your offer with gratitude. Beſides, after your generous interference, it is requiſite that I ſhould account to you, how a woman of my appearance, came out at this hour without attendance. I have no other excuſe to advance for ſuch imprudence, than the declaration that I have often done ſo with impunity. I have a friend, whoſe huſband being in the guards, lives near the barracks. We often drink tea with each other, and ſometimes my ſervants come for me; and ſometimes, when I am wearied and indiſpoſed, I come away earlier and alone. This happened to-night: and I have to thank your gallantry, Sir, for my reſcue from the firſt outrage of the kind that ever aſſailed me."

By the time that a few more complimentary words on her ſide, and a modeſt reply from Thaddeus, had paſſed, they ſtopped before a houſe in Groſvenor Place. The lady knocked at the door, and as ſoon as it was opened, the Count was taking his leave, but ſhe laid her hand on his arm and exclaimed,

"No, Sir; I muſt not loſe the probability of convincing you, that you have not ſuccoured a perſon unworthy of your kindneſs. I entreat you to walk in!"

Thaddeus was too much pleaſed with her manner, not to accept this invitation. He followed her up ſtairs into a drawing room, where a young lady was ſeated at work.

"Miſs Egerton," cried the lady, as ſhe entered and introduced the Count, "here is a gentleman, who has this moment ſaved me from the hands of a ruffian. You muſt aſſiſt me to expreſs my gratitude."

"I would with all my heart," returned ſhe; "but your ladyſhip confers benefits ſo well, that you cannot be at a loſs how to receive them."

Thaddeus

Thaddeus took the chair that a ſervant ſet for him, and with mingled pleaſure and admiration turned his eyes on the lovely woman whom he had reſcued. She threw off her cloak and veil, and diſplayed a dignity of figure, and penſiveneſs of countenance, full of ſuch expreſſion and intereſt, that he felt an irreſiſtable wiſh to ſecure her acquaintance.

Her ladyſhip begged him to lay aſide his great-coat, as ſhe muſt inſiſt upon his ſupping with her. There was a commanding ſoftneſs in her manner, and a gentle, yet unappealable deciſion in her voice, that he could not withſtand; and he prepared to obey, although he was aware that the faſhion and richneſs of the military dreſs concealed under his coat, would give her ideas which his ſituation could not anſwer.

The lady did not notice that he heſitated, but, ringing the bell, deſired the ſervant to take the gentleman's hat and coat. Thaddeus ſaw immediately in the looks of both ladies what he had feared.

"I percieve," ſaid the elder, as ſhe took her ſeat, "that my deliverer is in the

army; yet I do not recollect having seen that uniform before."

"I am not an Englishman," returned he.

"Not an Englishman!" exclaimed Miss Egerton, "and speak the language so accurately! You cannot be French?"

"No, madam; I had the honour of serving under the King of Poland."

"Then, his was a very gallant court I suppose," rejoined Miss Egerton with a smile; "for I am sorry to say, that there are few about St. James's, that would have ventured to have done what you did by Lady Tinemouth."

The Count returned the young lady's smile.

"I have seen too little, madam, of Englishmen of rank, to shew any gallantry in defending this part of my sex against so fair an accuser." Indeed, he recollected the officers in the park, and the perfidy of Somerset, and thought, that he had no reason to give them more of his respect, than their countrywoman considered fit to bestow.

"Come,

"Come, come, Maria," cried Lady Tinemouth; "though no woman has leſs cauſe to ſpeak well of mankind than I have, I will not permit my countrymen to be run down *in toto*. I dare ſay this gentleman will agree with me, that it neither ſhews a candid nor a patriot ſpirit?"

"I dare ſay he will not agree with you, Lady Tinemouth. No gentleman yet, who had his wits about him, ever agreed with an elder lady againſt a younger. Now, Mr. Gentleman! for it ſeems that is the name by which we are to addreſs you: what do you ſay?"

Thaddeus almoſt laughed at the ſingular way ſhe had choſen to aſk his name; and, allowing ſome of the gloom which generally obſcured his fine eyes, to diſperſe, he anſwered her with a ſmile,

"My name is Conſtantine."

"Well, you have replied to my laſt queſtion firſt; but I will not let you off about my beariſh countrymen. Don't you think, Mr. Conſtantine, that I may call them ſo, without any breach of good manners to them, or duty to my country? For

you ſee her ladyſhip hangs much upon patriotiſm."

Lady Tinemouth ſhook her head.

"O Maria, Maria, you are a ſtrange mad-cap."

"I don't care for that; I will have Mr. Conſtantine's unprejudiced reply. I am ſure, if he had taken as long a time in anſwering your call, as he does mine, the ruffian might have killed, and eaten you too, before he moved to your aſſiſtance. Come, Sir, may I not ſay that they are bears?"

"Certainly. A pretty woman may ſay any thing."

"Poſitively, Mr. Conſtantine, I won't endure contempt! Say ſuch another word, and I will call you as abominable an animal as the worſt of them."

"But I am not a proper judge, Miſs Egerton. I have never been in company with any of theſe men; ſo, to be impartial, I muſt ſuſpend my opinion."

"And not believe my word?"

Thaddeus bowed.

"There, Lady Tinemouth," cried ſhe, affecting pet, "take your champion to yourſelf;

yourſelf,; he is too great a ſavage for me."

"Thank you, Maria," returned her ladyſhip, giving her hand to the Count to lead her to the ſupper room; "This is the way ſhe quarrels with every man that comes into my houſe, and then her ill-humour transforms them to its own likeneſs."

"And where is the man," obſerved Thaddeus, "that would not be happy under the ſpells of ſo beautiful a Circe?"

"It won't do, Mr. Conſtantine," cried ſhe, taking her place oppoſite to him; "my anger is not to be appeaſed by calling me names; you don't mend the matter much, by likening me to a heathen and a witch."

Lady Tinemouth bore her part in the converſation of the evening, in a ſtrain more in uniſon with the Count's mind. However he found no inconſiderable degree of amuſement, from the unreflecting volubility and giddy ſallies of her friend; and on the whole, ſpent the few hours that he paſſed there, with ſome reſemblance to his almoſt forgotten ſenſe of pleaſure.

He

He was in an elegant apartment, he was in the company of two lovely and accomplished women, and he was the object of their entire attention and gratitude. He had been used to such scenes in his days of happiness, when he felt himself '*the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form, the observed of all observers;*' and its re-appearance, awakened, with tender remembrances, associating feelings, that made him rise with regret when the clock struck one.

Lady Tinemouth bade him good night, with an earnest request that he would shortly repeat his visit. This invitation gratified him much; and they parted, mutually delighted with each other.

CHAP. V.

PLEASED as the Count was with the acquaintance to which his gallantry had introduced him, he did not repeat his call for a long time.

A few mornings after his meeting with Lady Tinemouth, the hard froſt broke up. The change in the atmoſphere ſo dreadfully affected the General, by producing a relapſe of his rheumatic fever, that his friend had to watch by his pillow night and day for ten days. At the end of this period, he recovered ſufficiently to ſit up and read, or to amuſe himſelf by regiſtering the melancholy events of the laſt campaigns, in a large book, with plans of the different battles. The ſight of this volume would have diſtreſſed Thaddeus, had he not ſeen that it afforded comfort to the poor veteran, whom it tranſported back into the midſt of ſcenes, on which

he

he delighted to dwell; yet, he would often lay down his pen, ſhut the book, and weep like an infant.

The Count left him one morning at this employment, and ſtrolled out, with the intention of calling on Lady Tinemouth. As he walked along by York-houſe, he perceived Pembroke Somerſet with a gentleman leaning on his arm, coming out of Bond Street.

All the blood in the Count's body ſeemed ruſhing to his heart. He trembled. The ingenuous ſmile on his friend's countenance, and his features ſo ſweetly marked with frankneſs, made his reſolution falter.

"But proofs," cried he to himſelf, "are abſolute!" and turning his face to a ſtand of books that was near him, he ſtood there till Somerſet had paſſed. He went by him ſpeaking theſe words:

"I truſt, father, that ingratitude is not his vice."

"But it is yours, Somerſet!" murmured Thaddeus, as for a moment he gazed after them, and then proceeded on his walk.

When

When his name was announced at Lady Tinemouth's, he found her ladyſhip and another lady, but not Miſs Egerton. Lady Tinemouth expreſſed her pleaſure at this viſit, and her ſurpriſe that it had been ſo long deferred.

"The pain of ſuch an apparent neglect of your ladyſhip's goodneſs," replied he, "has been added to my anxiety for the declining health of a friend, whoſe increaſed illneſs is my apology."

"I wiſh," returned her ladyſhip, her eyes beaming approbation, "that all my friends could excuſe their abſence ſo well!"

"Perhaps they might, if they choſe;" obſerved the other lady, "and with equal ſincerity."

Thaddeus underſtood the incredulity couched under theſe words. So did Lady Tinemouth.

"However," rejoined ſhe, "be ſatisfied, Mr. Conſtantine, that I believe you ſincere."

The Count bowed.

"Fie,

"Fie, Lady Tinemouth!" cried the lady, "you are partial; nay, you are abſurd; did you ever yet hear a man ſpeak truth to a woman?"

"Lady Sara!" replied her ladyſhip, with one of thoſe arch glances that ſeldom viſited her eyes, "where will be your vanity if I aſſent to this?"

"In the moon, with man's ſincerity."

Thaddeus paid little attention to this dialogue. His thoughts, in ſpite of himſelf, were wandering after the figures of Somerſet and his father.

Lady Tinemouth, whoſe fancy had not been quiet about him ſince chance had introduced him to her acquaintance, obſerved his preſent abſence without noticing it. And indeed, the fruitful imagination of Maria Egerton had not lain ſtill. She declared, "he was a ſoldier by his dreſs, a man of rank from his manners, an Apollo in his perſon, and a hero from his gallantry!"

Thus did Miſs Egerton deſcribe him to Lady Sara Roos; "and," added ſhe, "what convinces me that he is a man of faſhion,

fashion, he has not been within these walls since we told him that we should take it as a favour."

Lady Sara had been eager to see this handsome stranger. Having previously determined, to drop in at Lady Tinemouth's, under some excuse or other, every morning, till her curiosity was gratified, she was not a little pleased when she heard his name announced.

Lady Sara was married; but she was also young and beautiful, and she liked that her power should be felt by others besides her husband. The instant she beheld the Count Sobieski, she formed the wish to entangle him in her chains. She learnt, by his pale countenance and thoughtful air, that he was a melancholy character, and, above all things, she had sighed for such a lover. She expected to receive from one of that cast, a tenderness, a devotedness; in short, a fervent, wild, and romantic passion, which would feed on her sighs and its own fires to eternity. Thaddeus appeared to her to be the very creature of whom she had been in search. His abstraction, his voice and eyes,

eyes, the one ſo touching, the other ſo neglectful of any thing but the ground, all were irreſiſtible, and ſhe reſolved from that moment (in her own words) "to make a dead ſet at him."

Lady Tinemouth, not leſs pleaſed with this ſecond view of her new acquaintance than ſhe had been at the firſt, directed her diſcourſe to him, accompanied by all that winning intereſt ſo endearing to a liberal heart. Whilſt ſhe was ſpeaking, Lady Sara, who never augured well to the ſucceſs of her faſcinations when the Counteſs addreſſed herſelf to any of her victims, tried every mean in her power to draw aſide the attention of the Count. She played with her ladyſhip's dog; but, that not ſucceeding, ſhe determined to ſtrike him at once with the elegance of her figure. Complaining of the heat, ſhe threw off a large green velvet mantle which ſhe had on, and, riſing from the chair, walked towards the window.

When ſhe looked round to enjoy her victory, ſhe ſaw that this manœuvre had failed like the reſt; for the provoking

Counteſs

Counteſs was ſtill ſtanding between her and Thaddeus. Almoſt angry, ſhe flung open the ſaſh, and, putting her head out, exclaimed in her beſt modulated tones:

"How d'ye do?"

"I hope your ladyſhip is well this fine morning!" was anſwered in the voice of Pembroke Somerſet.

Thaddeus grew pale, and the Counteſs feeling the cold, turned round to aſk Lady Sara to whom ſhe was ſpeaking.

"To a peſt of mine, my dear," returned ſhe; and then ſtretching out her neck ſhe reſumed, "But where, in the name of heaven, are you going, Somerſet, with all that travelling apparatus?"

"To Deerhurſt; we are going to take Lord Arun down. But I keep your ladyſhip in the cold. Good morning."

"My compliments to Sir Robert. Good bye! Good bye!" and, waving her white hand till his curricle was out of ſight, when ſhe turned round, her deſires were gratified, for the elegant ſtranger was ſtanding with his eyes fixed on that hand. But, had ſhe known, that for any cognizance they took

took of its beauty, they might as well have been fixed on vacancy, ſhe would not have pulled down the window, and reſeated herſelf, with ſuch an air of triumph.

The Count took his ſeat with a ſigh, and Lady Tinemouth did the ſame.

"So, that is the ſon of Sir Robert Somerſet?"

"Yes," replied her ladyſhip, "and what do you think of him? He is called very handſome."

"Your ladyſhip has forgotten that I am near-ſighted," anſwered the Counteſs, "I could not diſcriminate his features, but I think his figure fine. I remember his father was a handſome man, and a man of wonderful talents."

"That may be;" reſumed Lady Sara laughing, and anxious to excite ſome emotion of rivalry in the breaſt of Thaddeus, "I am ſure I ought not to call in queſtion his talents and taſte, for he has often wiſhed that fate had reſerved me for his ſon." Her ladyſhip ſighed and looked down.

This ſigh and geſture had more effect upon her victim, than all her exhibited graces.

graces. So difficult it is to break affection and habit. Any thing relating to Pembroke Somerſet, could yet ſo powerfully intereſt the Count, as to ſtamp itſelf on his features. Beſides, the appearance of any latent diſquietude, where all ſeemed ſplendor and vivacity, reminded him painfully of the chequered lot of man. His eyes were reſting upon her ladyſhip, full of a tender commiſeration, pregnant with compaſſion for her, himſelf, and all the world, when ſhe raiſed her head. The meeting of ſuch a look from him, filled her with agitation. She felt ſomething ſtrange at her heart. His eyes ſeemed to have penetrated to its inmoſt devices. Bluſhing like ſcarlet, ſhe got up to hide an embarraſſment not to be ſubdued; and, haſtily wiſhing the Counteſs a good morning, curtſeyed to him and left the room.

Her ladyſhip entered the carriage with feelings all in commotion. She could not account for the confuſion which his look had occaſioned; and, half angry at a weakneſs ſo like a raw inexperienced girl, ſhe determined to become one of Lady Tinemouth's

mouth's conſtant viſitors, until ſhe ſhould have brought him (as ſhe had done moſt of the men about court,) to her feet.

Theſe were her ladyſhip's cogitations, as ſhe rolled along towards St. James's Place. But ſhe a little exceeded the fact in her ſtatement; for, notwithſtanding ſhe could count as many lovers as any woman, both before and after her marriage, yet few would have ventured ſo far as to truſt the conſequence of a kneeling petition. Somehow, theſe worthy lords and gentlemen had all, to a man, adopted the oracle of the poet, that,

"Love fleet as air, at ſight of human ties,
"Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies!"

They all profeſſed to adore Lady Sara Capel; ſome were caught by her beauty, others by her eclat, but none had the moſt diſtant wiſh to make this beauty and eclat his own legal property.

The young Marquis of Severn fluttered round her ladyſhip during the firſt year of his appearance about court; but at the end of that time, inſtead of offering her his hand,

he

he married the daughter of a rich city banker.

Lady Sara, who was at her father's houſe in the country, when this intelligence arrived, was ſo incenſed, that, to ſhew her diſdain of this apoſtate lover, ſhe ſet off the ſame evening for Scotland with Harry Roos, a grandſon of the Duke of Lincoln. They were married, and her ladyſhip had the triumph of being preſented to her Majeſty the ſame day with the Marchioneſs of Severn.

The firſt whirlwind of her reſentment ſubſided, ſhe began moſt diſmally to repent her union. She loved Captain Roos as little as ſhe had loved Lord Severn. She had admired the rank and gallantry of the one; and the profound adoration of the other, had made a complete friend of her vanity. But now, ſince her revenge was gratified, the homage of Harry Roos ceaſing to excite the envy of her companions, from the hour in which he became her huſband, ſhe grew weary of his attentions, and was very happy when the admiralty

ordered him to the command of a ſhip bound to the Mediterranean.

The laſt fervent kiſs which he imprinted on her lips, as they breathed out the cold "Good bye, Roos, take care of yourſelf!" ſeemed to her the ſeal of freedom; and ſhe returned into her dreſſing-room, not to weep, but to rejoice in the project of a thouſand feſtivities and a thouſand lovers.

Left at an early age without a mother, and ignorant of the duties of a wife, ſhe thought that if ſhe kept her huſband and herſelf out of Doctors Commons, ſhe ſhould do no harm by amuſing herſelf with the hearts of every man that came in her way. Thus, ſhe hardly moved without a train of admirers. She had already attracted every one worth the trouble; and had liſtened to their compliments and inſolent preſumptions, till ſhe was nearly tired of both; when Miſs Egerton related to her the Counteſs's rencontre with the gallant foreigner.

As ſoon as her ladyſhip heard that he was of rank, (for Miſs Egerton had not been backward to affirm the dreams of her own

own imagination,) ſhe formed an earneſt wiſh to ſee him: and when, to her infinite ſatisfaction, he did preſent himſelf, in her eyes he exceeded every thing that had been deſcribed. To ſecure ſuch a conqueſt, ſhe thought would not only raiſe the envy of the women, but make the men look about them to diſcover ſome novel and more attractive way than they had hitherto attempted, to portray the extent of their devotion.

Whilſt Lady Sara was meditating on her new plans, the Count and Lady Tinemouth remained alone. Her ladyſhip talked to him on various ſubjects; but he anſwered ill upon them all, and ſometimes very wide of the matter. At laſt, feeling that he muſt be burthenſome, he aroſe, and, looking paler and more depreſſed than when he entered, wiſhed her a good morning.

"I am afraid, Mr. Conſtantine, that you are unwell?"

Thaddeus, like moſt people who deſire to hide what is paſſing in their minds, gladly aſſented to this, as an excuſe for a taciturnity which he could not vanquiſh.

"Then," cried her ladyſhip "I hope you will favour me with your card, that I may know where to ſend?"

Thaddeus was confounded, and looked down for a moment; then, returning into the room, took up a pen which lay on the table, and ſaid,

"I will write my addreſs to a place from whence any of your ladyſhip's commands will reach me; but, I will do myſelf the honour to repeat my call very ſoon."

"I ſhall always be happy to ſee you," replied the Counteſs, while he was writing; "but, before I engage you in a promiſe of which you may afterwards repent, I muſt tell you, that you will meet with dull entertainment at my houſe. I ſee very little company; and were it not for the inexhauſtible ſpirits of Miſs Egerton, I believe I ſhould become a complete miſanthrope."

"Your houſe will be my paradiſe!" exclaimed the Count, with an earneſtneſs, to the force of which he did not immediately attend.

Lady Tinemouth ſmiled.

"I muſt

"I muſt warn you here, too," cried ſhe; "Miſs Egerton muſt not be the deity of your paradiſe. She is already under engagements that would preclude all hope on that head."

Thaddeus bluſhed at being miſtaken, and wiſhed to explain himſelf.

"You miſunderſtand me, madam. I am not inſenſible to beauty; but, upon my word, at that moment I had nothing elſe in my thoughts than gratitude for your ladyſhip's kindneſs to an abſolute ſtranger."

"That is true, Mr. Conſtantine; you are an abſolute ſtranger, if the want of a formal introduction, and an ignorance of your family, conſtitute that title. But your protection introduced you to me; and there is ſomething in your appearance which convinces me, that I may not be afraid of admitting you into the very ſcanty number of my friends."

Thaddeus immediately perceived the delicacy of Lady Tinemouth; who wiſhed to know who he was, yet felt repugnant to give him pain by a queſtion ſo direct that he muſt anſwer. As ſhe had propoſed it, ſhe left him entirely to his own diſcretion;

and he determined, as far as he could, without expoſing his real name and circumſtances, to ſatisfy her very proper curioſity.

The Counteſs, whoſe benevolent heart was deeply intereſted in his favour, obſerved the changes of his countenance with an anxious deſire that he would be ingenuous. Her ſolicitude did not ariſe from any doubts that ſhe entertained of his quality and worth, but ſhe wiſhed to be enabled to reply with promptneſs to the inquiſitive people who might ſee him at her houſe.

"I hardly know," ſaid Thaddeus, "in what words to expreſs my ſenſe of your ladyſhip's generous confidence in me; and that my character is not undeſerving of ſuch diſtinction, time, I truſt, will ratify." He pauſed for a moment, and then reſumed: "For my rank, Lady Tinemouth, it is now of little conſequence to my comfort; rather, perhaps, a ſource of mortification; for ——," he heſitated, and then proceeded, with a faint colour tinging his cheek, "exiles from their country, if they would not covet miſery, muſt learn to forget; hence, I am no other than Mr. Conſtantine;

ſtantine; though, in acknowledgment of your ladyſhip's goodneſs, I deem it only juſt, that I ſhould not conceal my real quality from you.

"My family was the firſt in Poland. Even in baniſhment, the remembrance that its virtues were as well known as its name, affords ſome alleviation to the conviction, that when my country fell, all my property, and all my kindred, were involved in the ruins. Soon after the dreadful ſealing of its fate, I quitted it; and by the command of a dying parent, who expired in my arms, ſought a refuge in this iſland, from degradations, which otherwiſe, I could neither repel nor avoid."

Thaddeus ſtopped; and the Counteſs, ſtruck by the graceful modeſty with which this ſimple account was related, laid her hand upon his.

"Mr. Conſtantine, I am not ſurprized at any thing you have ſaid. The melancholy of your air induced me to ſuſpect that you were not happy; and my ſole wiſh, in penetrating your reſerve, was to ſhew you that a woman can be a ſincere friend."

Tears of gratitude and reſpect gliſtened in the Count's eyes. Incapable of making a ſuitable reply, he preſſed her hand to his lips. She roſe; and, willing to relieve a ſenſibility that delighted her, added, "I will not detain you longer, only let me ſee you ſoon."

Thaddeus uttered a few inarticulate words, whoſe ſignificancy conveyed nothing, but every thing was declared by their confuſion. The Counteſs's eloquent ſmile, ſhewed that ſhe comprehended their meaning; and he left the room.

On his return home, he found General Butzou in better ſpirits, ſtill poring over his journal. This paper ſeemed to be the repreſentative of all which had ever been dear to him. He dwelt upon it, and talked about it, with a doating eagerneſs, bordering on inſanity.

Theſe ſymptoms, increaſing from day to day, gave his young friend conſiderable uneaſineſs. He liſtened with pain to the fond dreams which had taken poſſeſſion of the poor old man, who delighted in ſaying, that much might yet be done in Poland,

land, when he ſhould be recovered, and they enabled to return together to Warſaw, and ſtimulate the people to revolt.

Thaddeus at firſt attempted to prove the emptineſs of theſe ſchemes; but ſeeing that contradiction on this head threw the General back into deeper deſpondency, he thought it better to affect the ſame ſentiments; too well perceiving, that death would ſoon terminate theſe viſions with his life.

Accordingly, as far as lay in the Count's power, he ſatisfied all the fancied wants of his revered friend; who, on every other ſubject, was perfectly reaſonable; but at laſt he became ſo abſorbed in this chimerical plot, that even converſation, and his meals, ſeemed to oppreſs him with reſtraint.

When Thaddeus, with ſorrow, perceived that his company was rather irkſome than a comfort to his friend, he the more readily repeated his viſits to Lady Tinemouth. She now looked for his entrance at leaſt once a day. If ever a morning and evening paſſed away without his ap-

pearance, he was ſure of being ſcolded by Miſs Egerton, reproached by the Counteſs, and frowned at by Lady Sara Roos. This lady now contrived, in defiance of all other engagements, to drop in, every night, at Lady Tinemouth's. Her ladyſhip was not more ſurprized at this ſudden attachment of Lady Sara to her houſe, than pleaſed with her ſociety, who ſhe found, on intimate acquaintance, could lay aſide that tiſſue of affectation and faſhion which ſhe wore in public, and really become a charming woman.

Though Lady Sara was vain, ſhe had ſufficient ſenſe to penetrate with tolerable certainty into the characters of her acquaintance. Moſt of the men with whom ſhe had hitherto aſſociated, having been jumbled together in thoſe large aſſemblies where individuality is abſorbed in the general maſs of inſipidity and ceremony, ſhe ſaw that they were frivolous, or at the leaſt warped in taſte and principle; and the faſcinations ſhe uſed to ſubdue them, were the beſt ſuited to their capacity,—her beauty, her thoughtleſſneſs, and her caprice;

price. But on the reverſe, when ſhe formed the wiſh to entangle ſuch a man as Thaddeus, ſhe ſoon diſcovered that to engage his attention, ſhe muſt appear in the unaffected graces of nature. To this end, ſhe took pains to diſplay the lovelineſs of her perſon in every movement and poſition; yet ſhe managed the thing with ſo inartificial and frank an air, that ſhe ſeemed the only being preſent, who was unconſcious of the verſatility and power of her charms. She converſed with good ſenſe and propriety. In ſhort, ſhe appeated completely different from the gay ridiculous creature whom he had ſeen ſome weeks before, in the Counteſs's parlour.

He now admired, both her perſon and her mind. Her winning ſoftneſs, the vivacity of Miſs Egerton, and the kindneſs of the Counteſs, beguiled him many an evening from the contemplation of melancholy ſcenes at home.

One night, it came into the head of Maria Egerton, to banter him about his military dreſs. "Do, for Heaven's ſake, my dear Don Quixote," cried ſhe, "let

us see you out of your rusty armour! I declare, I am tired of the sight. Somehow, I do think you would be merrier out of that "*customary suit of solemn black!*"

This demand was not pleasing to the Count; but he good-humouredly replied, "I knew not till you were so kind as to inform me, that a man's temper depends on his clothes."

"Else I suppose," cried she, interrupting him, "you would have changed yours before? Therefore, I expect that you will do as I bid you now, and put on a christian's coat against the next time you enter this house."

Thaddeus was at a loss what to say; he only bowed; and the Countess and Lady Sara smiled at her nonsense.

When they parted for the night, this portion of the conversation passed off from all minds but that of Lady Tinemouth. She had considered the subject, but in a different way from Maria. Maria supposed that the handsome Constantine wore the dress of his country because it was the

moſt becoming. But as ſuch a whim did not correſpond with the other parts of his character, Lady Tinemouth, in her own mind, attributed this adherence to his national habit, to the right cauſe.

She remarked, that whenever ſhe wiſhed him to meet any agreeable people at her houſe, he always declined theſe introductions under the plea of his dreſs, though he never propoſed to alter it. This conduct, added to his perfect ſilence on every ſubject that related to the public amuſements about town, led her to conclude, that like the baniſhed nobility of France, he was encountering the various inconveniencies of poverty in a foreign land. She hoped he had eſcaped its horrors; but ſhe could not be certain, for he always ſhifted the converſation, when it too cloſely referred to himſelf.

Theſe obſervations haunted the mind of Lady Tinemouth, and made her anxious to contrive ſome opportunity in which ſhe might have this intereſting Conſtantine alone; and, by a proper management of the diſcourſe, lead to ſome avowal of his

real

real situation. Hitherto, her benevolent intentions had been frustrated by various interruptions at various times. Indeed, had she been actuated by mere curiosity, she would long ago have resigned the trial as fruitless; but sincere pity and esteem kept her still watchful till the very hour in which her considerate heart was fully satisfied.

One morning when she was writing in her cabinet, a servant informed her that Mr. Constantine was below in the parlour. Pleased at this circumstance, she took advantage of a slight cold that affected her, and, hoping to be able to draw something out of him, in the course of a *tête-à-tête*, begged that he would come up to her room.

When he entered, she perceived that he looked sadder than usual. He sat down by her, and expressed his concern at her indisposition. She sighed heavily, but remained silent. Her thoughts were too much occupied with her benevolent plan, to decide exactly what to answer. She had determined, in her reflections, to give him a cursory idea of

idea of her own unhappineſs; and thus, by her confidence, attract his.

"I hope Miſs Egerton is well?" inquired Thaddeus.

"Very well, Mr. Conſtantine. A heart at eaſe almoſt ever keeps the body in health. May ſhe long continue as happy as at this period, and never know the diſappointments of her friend!"

He looked at the Counteſs.

"It is true, my dear Sir," continued ſhe. "It is hardly probable that the mere effect of thirty-five years could have made the inroads on my perſon which you ſee; but ſorrow has done it; and, with all the comforts that you behold around me, I am miſerable. I have no joy independent of the few friends which heaven has preſerved to me; and yet," added ſhe, "I have another anxiety united with thoſe of which I complain: ſome of my friends, who afford me the conſolation I mention, deny me the only return in my power, the office of ſharing in their griefs."

Thaddeus felt the expreſſion of her ladyſhip's eye, and the tenderneſs of her voice,

as

as she uttered these words. He felt to whom the kind reproach was directed, and he looked down confused and oppressed. The Countess resumed.

"I cannot deny what your countenance declares; you think I mean you. I do, Mr. Constantine; I have marked your melancholy; I have weighed other circumstances; and I am sure that you have many things to struggle with besides those regrets which must ever hang about the bosom of a brave man. Forgive me, if I give you pain, (added she, observing his heightening colour,) I speak from a real esteem, I speak to you as I would to my own son, were he in your situation."

"My dearest Madam!" cried the Count, overcome by her benevolence; "You have judged right; I have many things to struggle with; I have a sick friend at home, whom misfortune hath nearly bereft of reason; and whose wants are now so complicated and expensive, that never till now did I know the complete desolation of a man, without a country or a profession. For myself, Lady Tinemouth, adversity has

few

few pangs; but for my friend, for an old man, whoſe deranged faculties have forgotten the change in my affairs; he who hangs on me for ſupport and comfort; it is this that muſt account to your ladyſhip for thoſe inconſiſtencies in my manner and ſpirits, which are ſo frequently the ſubject of Miſs Egerton's raillery."

Thaddeus, in the courſe of this ſhort and rapid narrative, gradually lowered the tone of his voice; and, at the cloſe, covered his face with his hand. He had never before confided the hiſtory of his embarraſſments to any creature; and he felt, (notwithſtanding it had almoſt been petitioned from him,) that he had committed an outrage on the firmneſs of his character, by in any way acknowledging the weight of his calamities.

Lady Tinemouth conſidered a few minutes, and then addreſſed him.

"I ſhould ill repay this generous confidence, my young friend, if I were to heſitate a moment in forming ſome plan that may prove of ſervice to you. You have told me no more, dear Mr. Conſtantine, than

than what I had already ſuſpected. And I had ſomething in view."—Here the Counteſs ſtopped, expecting that her auditor would interrupt her. He remained ſilent; and ſhe proceeded; "you ſpoke of a profeſſion, of an employment?"

"Yes, Madam," returned he, taking his hand from his eyes; "I ſhould be glad to engage in any profeſſion or employment, that you would recommend."

"I have little intereſt," anſwered her ladyſhip, "with people in power; therefore I cannot propoſe any thing which will in any way ſuit with your rank; but, the employment I have in view, ſeveral of the moſt illuſtrious French nobility have not bluſhed to execute."

"Do not fear to mention it to me," cried the Count, perceiving her reluctance; "I would attempt any thing that is not diſhonourable, to render ſervice to my poor friend."

"Well then, would you have any objection to teach languages?"

Thaddeus immediately anſwered, "None in the world."

"Then,"

"Then," replied her ladyſhip, greatly relieved by the manner in which he had received her propoſal; "I will now tell you, that about a week ago, I paid a viſit to Lady Dundas, the widow of Sir Hector Dundas, the rich Eaſt-Indian Director. Whilſt I was there, I heard her talking with her two daughters about finding a proper maſter to teach them German. That language has become a very faſhionable accompliſhment amongſt literary ladies; and, Miſs Dundas being a member of the Blue-ſtocking Club, you inſtantly flaſhed acroſs my mind. Lady Dundas was making a thouſand objections againſt the vulgarity of various teachers whom the young ladies propoſed; and I, deeming it a favourable opportunity, told her ladyſhip, that if ſhe could wait a few days, I would found a friend of mine, who I knew, if he would condeſcend to take the trouble, would be the moſt eligible perſon imaginable. Lady Dundas and the girls gladly left it to me, and I now propoſe it to you."

"And I," replied he, "with a thouſand thanks, accept the taſk."

"Then

"Then I will arrange every thing," returned her ladyſhip, "and ſend you the reſult."

After half an hour's farther converſation, Lady Tinemouth became more impreſſed with the unſophiſticated delicacy and dignity of the Count's mind. And he, more grateful than utterance could declare, left his reſpects for Miſs Egerton, and took his leave.

CHAP. VI.

THE next morning, whilſt Thaddeus was vainly explaining to his poor old friend, that he no longer poſſeſſed a regiment of horſe that he could order out to try the ſucceſs of ſome manœuvres which he had been deviſing, little Nanny brought a letter from the coffee-houſe to which he had given Lady Tinemouth the direction. He opened it, and found theſe contents:

"My dear Sir! So anxious was I to terminate the affair with Lady Dundas, that I went to her houſe laſt night. I affirmed it as a great obligation, that you would undertake the trouble to teach her daughters; and I inſiſt, that you do not, by any romantic ideas of candour, invalidate what I have ſaid: I know the world too well not to be convinced of the truth of Dr. Goldſmith's maxim, "*If you be poor, do not ſeem poor, if you would avoid inſult as well as ſuffering.*"

"I

"I told Miſs Dundas that you had undertaken the taſk ſolely at my perſuaſion; therefore, I could not propoſe other terms than a guinea for each two leſſons that ſhe and her ſiſter would receive. They are rich enough for any expence; and they made no objection to my demand, beſides preſenting the incloſed by way of entrance-money. Thus, I have ſettled all preliminaries, and you are to commence your firſt leſſon on Monday, at two o'clock. But before then, pray let me ſee you.

"Cannot you dine with us on Sunday? I have informed Miſs Egerton of as much of the affair as I think neceſſary to account for your new occupation. In ſhort, good girl as ſhe is, I thought it moſt prudent to ſet her and Lady Sara on the ſame ſcent that I have done the Dundas's; therefore, do not be uneaſy on that head.

"Come to-morrow, if not before, and you will give real pleaſure to your ſincere friend,

Adeliza Tinemouth.

"Saturday morning, Groſvenor Place."

Truly

Truly grateful to the active friendſhip of the Counteſs, and looking at the General, who appeared perfectly happy in the proſecution of his wild ſchemes, Thaddeus exclaimed to himſelf, "By this means I ſhall at leaſt have it in my power to procure all the aſſiſtance your melancholy ſtate requires!"

On opening the incloſed, which her ladyſhip mentioned, he found it to be a bank note for ten pounds. He felt uncomfortable both at the preſent, and its amount; not having done any ſervice to earn it, he regarded the money more as a gift, than as a bond of engagement. However, he found that theſe feelings, with many other painful repugnancies, muſt at this moment be laid aſide; and without farther ſelf-torment, he conſigned the money to the uſe for which he was aware the Counteſs had intended it, namely, to provide himſelf with an Engliſh dreſs.

During theſe various reflections, he did not leave Lady Tinemouth's letter unanſwered. He thanked her ſincerely for her zeal; and declined dining with her the next day, on account of leaving his poor friend

ſo

ſo long alone; but promiſed to come in the evening, when he ſhould be retired to reſt.

This excuſe was felt by none more than Lady Sara Roos; who, having heard from Lady Tinemouth on Saturday morning, that ſhe expected the company of Mr. Conſtantine to dine on Sunday, had invited herſelf to be one of the party. She had now ſeen him conſtantly for near a month, and to her amazement found, that in ſeeking to entrap him, ſhe had only enſnared herſelf. Every word he uttered, penetrated to her heart; every glance of his eyes, ſhook her frame like electricity. She had now no neceſſity to affect ſoftneſs; a young and ſeducing paſſion, imparted to her voice and countenance, all its bewitching pathos.

Thaddeus was not inſenſible to the enchantment which this intoxicating power threw around her; but it did not reach as far as ſhe intended. He felt that ſhe was a lovely woman, who might have affected his ſenſes, had ſhe been free, and his heart been as in happier days. He knew that ſhe was a married woman; and, as he believed

lieved her to be a virtuous one, he could not credit the evidence of his feelings, which would have often whiſpered to him, the language her ladyſhip wiſhed to convey.

When Lady Tinemouth mentioned to Lady Sara and Miſs Egerton, the great favour he had conferred on the Miſs Dundas's, by prevailing on Mr. Conſtantine to undertake the taſk of teaching them German, Lady Sara could hardly conceal her vexation. She was angry at the Count for his acquieſcence, and hated Lady Tinemouth for having made the propoſal.

Miſs Egerton laughed at the ſcrape into which Lady Tinemouth had brought his good nature; and declared, that ſhe would tell him next day at dinner, what a muliſh pair of miſſes he had preſumed to manage.

It was the youngeſt of theſe miſſes that excited Lady Sara's diſpleaſure. Euphemia Dundas was very pretty; ſhe had a large fortune at her diſpoſal; and what might not ſuch united temptations, effect on the mind of her favourite? Torn with jealouſy, ſhe caught at the mention of his

coming to dinner on the morrow; and offering to be one of the party, resolved to put on all her charms, that she might make one more essay on the hitherto insensible soul of Thaddeus, before she beheld him enter scenes so likely to extinguish her hopes.—Hopes, of what? she never allowed herself to inquire. She knew that she never had loved her husband, that now she hated him, and was devoted to another. To be assured of a reciprocal passion from that other, she believed was the extent of her wish. Thinking that she held her husband's honour safe as her life, she determined to do what she liked with her heart. Her former admirers were now neglected; and, to the astonishment and admiration of the graver part of her acquaintance, she relinquished all those dissipated assemblies in which she had so recently been the brightest attraction, to seclude herself whole evenings, by the domestic fire-side of the Countess of Tinemouth.

Thus, whilst the world were admiring a conduct which they supposed would give a last-

a laſting happineſs to herſelf and her huſband, ſhe was cheriſhing a paſſion in her boſom that might prove the deſtruction of both.

On Sunday evening, the Count Sobieſki entered Lady Tinemouth's drawing-room, juſt as Miſs Egerton had ſeated herſelf before the tea equipage. At the ſight of him, ſhe nodded her head, and called him to ſit by her. Lady Tinemouth returned the grateful preſſure of his hand. Lady Sara received him with a palpitating heart; and ſtooped her head, to remove ſomething that ſeemed to incommode her foot; but this was only a feint, to hide the bluſhes which were burning on her cheek. No one obſerved her confuſion; ſo common it is, for thoſe who are the conſtant witneſſes of our actions, to be the moſt ignorant of their expreſſion and tendency.

Thaddeus could not be ſo completely uninformed. The frequent falling of her eye, when it met his; the unequivocal intonation of her voice, and ſometimes the framing of her ſpeech, often made him ſhiver. He gladly obeyed a ſecond ſummons

from the gay Maria, and drew his chair close to her's.

Lady Sara observed his motion with a jealous pang that she could not conceal; and, pulling her seat as far on the opposite side as possible, began in silence to sip her tea.

"Ye powers of gallantry!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Egerton, pushing away the table, and lifting her eye-glass to her eye, "I declare I have conquered! Look, Lady Tinemouth; look, Lady Sara! If Mr. Constantine do not better become this English dress, than his Polish horribles, drown me for a false propheteſs!"

"You see I have obeyed you, Madam," returned Thaddeus, bowing.

"Ah! you are in the right. Most men do it cheerfully, when they know they will gain by the bargain. Now, you look like a christian; before, you always reminded me of some stalking hero in tragedy."

"Yes," cried Lady Sara, forcing a smile, and ready to weep with mortification, "yes, and he now exhibits a striking resemblance to George Barnwell."

Maria

Maria, who did not perceive the anger and ſarcaſm couched under this remark, good humouredly replied.

"True, Lady Sara; but I don't care for his being in black: obedience was the thing I wanted, and I have it in his preſent appearance."

"Pray, Lady Tinemouth," aſked her ladyſhip, ſeeking to revenge herſelf on his alacrity to obey Miſs Egerton, the cauſe of which her jealouſy miſapprehended, "What o'clock is it? I have promiſed to be at Lady Sarum's concert by nine?"

"It is not yet eight;" returned the Counteſs; "beſides, this is the firſt time that I have heard of your engagement. I had hoped, your ladyſhip would have ſpent all this evening with us?"

"No," anſwered Lady Sara, "I cannot." And ringing the bell, ſhe roſe.

"Bleſs me, Lady Sara!" cried Miſs Egerton, "you are not going? Don't you hear that it is only eight o'clock?"

Lady Sara, buſying herſelf about tying her cloak, affected not to hear her, and told

the ſervant who opened the door, to order her carriage.

Lady Tinemouth, much ſurpriſed at the oddneſs of this precipitation, but far from gueſſing the cauſe, requeſted the Count to ſee her ladyſhip down ſtairs.

"I would rather not." Cried ſhe, in a quick voice; and, darting out of the room, was followed by Thaddeus; who got up with her flying footſteps, juſt as ſhe had reached the ſtreet door. He haſtened paſt her, to aſſiſt her into the carriage, and ſaw by the light of the flambeaux her face ſtreaming with tears. He had already extended his hand as ſhe approached, when her ladyſhip, ſeeing who he was, inſtead of accepting it, ſtruck it down with her left hand, and, whilſt he ſtood motionleſs with aſtoniſhment, jumped into the carriage, and, with an indignant tone, ordered it to drive to Berkley Square. He remained ſtupified for a few minutes, looking after her; then returned into the houſe, too well able to tranſlate the meaning of all this petulance.

When

When he re-aſcended the ſtairs, Lady Tinemouth expreſſed her wonder at this whimſical departure of her friend; but, as Thaddeus (whoſe feelings were really diſturbed,) returned a vague reply, the ſubject ended.

Miſs Egerton, who hardly thought two minutes on the ſame thing, ſent away the tea-board, and, ſitting down by the Count, exclaimed,

"Mr. Conſtantine, I hold it right, that no man ſhould be thrown into a den of wild beaſts, without knowing what kind of monſters he ſhall meet there. Hence, as I find that you have undertaken the taming of that ſavage, Lady Dundas, and her cubs, I muſt tell you what they are like. Will you hear me?"

"Certainly."

"Will you attend to my advice?"

"If I like it."

"Ha!" replied ſhe, returning his ſmile with another; "that is juſt ſuch an anſwer as I would have made myſelf, ſo I won't quarrel with you. Lady Tinemouth, you

will allow me to draw your friends pictures?"

"Yes, Maria, provided you don't make them caricatures. Remember, your candour is at ſtake; to morrow, Mr. Conſtantine will be able to judge for himſelf."

"And I am ſure he will agree with me. Now, Lady Dundas, if you pleaſe? I know your ladyſhip is a great ſtickler for precedence."

Lady Tinemouth laughed, and interrupted her.

"I declare, Maria, you are a very daring girl. What do you not riſk by giving way to this ſatirical ſpirit?"

"Nobody's love that I value, Lady Tinemouth. *You* know I never daub a fair character; Mr. Conſtantine takes me on your credit; and, if you mean Charles Montreſor, he is as bad as myſelf, and dare not for his life have any qualms."

Well, well, proceed," cried her ladyſhip, "I will not interrupt you again."

"Then," reſumed ſhe, "I muſt begin with Lady Dundas. In proper hiſtorical ſtile, I ſhall commence with her birth, parentage

parentage and education. For the firſt, my father told me, that he remembers her the maid of Mrs. Sefton, when her huſband went out governor of Surat. And, ſoon after their arrival, this pretty abigail, by ſome means cajoled old Hector Dundas, (who was then exerciſing the ſame command over ſome other Indian province,) to marry her. When ſhe came back to England, ſhe coaxed her fooliſh huſband to appropriate ſome of his ill-gotten riches to the purchaſe of a baronetcy. I ſuppoſe the appellation *Miſtreſs* put her in mind of her *ci-devant* ſervantſhip; and, in a happy hour, he complied, and ſhe became my lady. That over, Sir Hector had nothing more to do in this world. He was ſo good as to think ſo himſelf; and, to add to his former obligations, had the civility of walking out of it; for one night, whether he had been dreaming of his feats in India I cannot affirm, but he marched out of his bedroom window and broke his neck. Ever ſince that fortunate event, Lady Dundas has exhibited the fineſt parties about town. And, though ſhe is as vulgar as ſhe is rich,

ſome-how every body goes to ſee her; whether in compliment to their own taſte, or her ſilver muſlins, I don't know, for there are half a dozen titled ladies of her acquaintance, who, to my certain knowledge, have not bought a ball-dreſs this twelvemonth. Well, how do you like Lady Dundas?"

"I do not like your ſketch." replied Thaddeus, with a ſecret ſigh, that from ſuch a woman he was to receive any obligation.

"Come, don't ſigh about my veracity;" interrupted ſhe, "I do aſſure you, I ſhould have been more correct, had I been more ſevere; for, ſhe is as ill-natured as ſhe is vulgar, and as preſumptuous as ignorant; in ſhort, ſhe is a fit mother for the delectable Miſs Dundas, whoſe deſcription you ſhall have in two queſtions. Can you imagine Socrates in his wife's petticoats? Can you imagine, a pedant, a ſcold, and a coquette, in one woman? If you can, you have a foretaſte of Diana Dundas. She is large and ugly, and thinks herſelf delicate and handſome; ſhe is ſelf-willed and igno-

rant, and believes ſhe is wiſe and learned; for, unhappily, ſhe has wriggled herſelf in amongſt the *Blue ſtockings;* and, to ſum up all, ſhe is the moſt malicious creature breathing."

"My dear, Maria!" cried Lady Tinemouth, laying her hand on her arm, and alarmed at the effect her high colouring might have on the mind of Thaddeus; "for heaven's ſake be temperate! I never heard you ſo unbecomingly harſh in my life."

Miſs Egerton peeped archly in her face.

"Are you ſerious, Lady Tinemouth? You know I would not look unbecoming in your eyes. Come, ſhake hands with me, and I will be more merciful to the gentle Euphemia, for I intend that Mr. Conſtantine ſhall be her lover. Won't you?" cried ſhe, reſigning her ladyſhip's hand. Thaddeus ſhook his head. "I don't underſtand your Lord Burleigh nods; anſwer me in words, when I have finiſhed; for I am ſure you will immediately unclaſp your heart to receive the ſweet creature. She is ſo tiny, and ſo pretty,

that I never ſee her without thinking of ſome gay little trinket, all over precious ſtones. Her eyes are two diamond ſparks, melted into luſtre; and her teeth, ſeed pearl, lying between rubies. So much for the caſket; but for the quality of the jewel within, I leave you to make the diſcovery."

Miſs Egerton, having run herſelf out of breath, ſuddenly ſtopped. Thaddeus ſeeing that he was called on to ſay ſomething, made an anſwer that only drew upon him a new volley of raillery; which ſhe continued, with very little interruption, till the party ſeparated for the night.

Now that the Count thought himſelf ſecure of the means of payment, he ſent the next day to conſult a phyſician, reſpecting the ſituation of the General. When Dr. Cavendiſh had ſeen and converſed with the venerable Butzou, he gave it as his opinion, that the malady had originated in grief.

"I can too well ſuppoſe that," replied Thaddeus.

"Then,"

"Then," rejoined the phyſician, "I fear, Sir, that unleſs I know ſomething of its nature, my viſits will prove almoſt uſeleſs."

The Count remained ſilent. The doctor reſumed—

"I ſhall be grieved if his ſorrows be of a complexion ſo ſecret, as not to be truſted to a man of honour; for in theſe caſes, without we have ſome knowledge of the ſprings of the madneſs, we loſe much time, and perhaps entirely fail of a cure. Our diſcipline is addreſſed both to the body and mind of the patient."

Thaddeus perceived the neceſſity of compliance, and did ſo without farther heſitation.

"The calamities, Sir, which have occaſioned the derangement of my friend, need not be any ſecret; too many have ſhared them with him; his ſorrows have been public ones. You muſt learn by his language, Dr. Cavendiſh, that he is a foreigner and a ſoldier; he held the rank of general in the King of Poland's ſervice. Since the period

period in which his country fell, and he followed me to England, his wandering fenſes have approximated to what you ſee."

Dr. Cavendiſh pauſed for a moment, before he anſwered the Count; then, fixing his eyes on the veteran, who was ſitting at the other end of the room, buſily forming the model of a fortified town, he ſaid—

"All we can do, at preſent, Sir, is to permit him to follow his ſchemes without contradiction, meanwhile, ſtrengthening his ſyſtem with appropriate medicines, and lulling its irritation by gentle opiates. We muſt proceed cautiouſly; and, I truſt in Heaven, that ſucceſs will crown us at laſt."

When the doctor had written his preſcription, and was preparing to go, Thaddeus offered him his fee; but the good Cavendiſh taking the hand that preſented it, and cloſing it on the guinea, "No, my dear Sir," ſaid he, "real patriotiſm is too much the idol of my heart, to allow me to receive payment when I beheld her face. Suffer me, Mr. Conſtantine,

ſtantine, to viſit you and your brave friend as a friend, or I never come again?"

"Sir, this generous conduct to ſtrangers?"

"Generous to myſelf, Mr. Conſtan- and not to ſtrangers; I cannot conſider you as ſuch; for men who devote themſelves to their country, muſt find a brother in every honeſt breaſt. I will not hear of our meeting on any other terms."

Thaddeus could not immediately form a reply adequate to the ſentiment which the generoſity and philanthropy of the doctor had awakened. Whilſt he ſtood incapable of ſpeaking, Cavendiſh, with one glance of his penetrating eye, decyphered his countenance; and, giving him a friendly ſhake by the hand, diſappeared.

The Count now took up his hat; and, muſing all the way as he went, on the unexpected ſcenes we meet in life; diſappointment where we expected kindneſs, and friendſhip where no hope could ariſe; he arrived at the door of Lady Dundas, in Harley-ſtreet.

He

He was immediately let in, and with much ceremony uſhered into a ſplendid library, where he remained in expectation of the arrival of his pupils. Before they entered, they allowed him ſufficient time to examine its coſtly furniture; its glittering book-caſes, bird-cages, globes, and reading-ſtands, all ſhining with burniſhed gilding; its plaſter caſts of the nine muſes, which ſtood in nine receſſes about the room, draperied with blue net, looped up with artificial roſes; and, on each ſide of a fine cut-ſteel Rumford ſtove, were placed, on ſandell wood pedeſtals, two five-feet ſtatues of Apollo and Minerva.

Thaddeus had twice walked round theſe fopperies of learning, when the door opened, and Lady Dundas, dreſſed in a morning wrapper made of Indian ſhawls, ſwam into the apartment. She neither bowed nor curtſied to the Count, who was ſtanding when ſhe entered, but looking at him from head to foot, ſaid, as ſhe paſſed, "So, you are come;" and ringing the bell, called to the ſervant, in no very ſoft tones, "Tell Miſs Dundas, the perſon that Lady Tinemouth

Tinemouth ſpoke of is here." Her ladyſhip then ſat down cloſe to the fire, in one of the little gilded chairs, leaving Thaddeus ſtill ſtanding on the ſpot where he had bowed to her entrance.

"You may ſit down," cried ſhe, not deigning to look at him, and ſtirring the fire; "for my daughter may not chooſe to come this half hour."

"I prefer ſtanding," replied the Count, who could have laughed at the accuracy of Miſs Egerton's picture, had he not prognoſticated many diſagreeables to himſelf, from the ill manners of which this was a ſpecimen.

Lady Dundas took no farther notice of him. Turning from her bloated countenance, (which pride, as well as high eating, had ſwoln from prettineſs to deformity,) he walked to a window, and ſtationed himſelf there, looking into the ſtreet, till the door was again opened, and two ladies made their appearance.

"Miſs Dundas," cried her ladyſhip, "here is the young man who is to teach you German."

Thaddeus

Thaddeus bowed; the younger of the ladies curtfied; and ſo did the other, not forgetting to accompany ſuch condeſcenſion with a toſs of the head, that the effect of undue humility might be done away.

Whilſt a ſervant was ſetting chairs round a table, on which was painted the judgment of Hercules, Lady Dundas again opened her lips.

"Pray, Mr. Thingumbob, have you brought any grammars, and primers, and dictionaries, and ſyntaxes, with you?"

Before he had time to reply to her ladyſhip in the negative, Miſs Dundas, with a frown, interrupted her mother.

"I wiſh, Madam, you would leave the arrangement of my ſtudies to myſelf. Does your ladyſhip think that we would learn out of any book which had been touched by other people? Thomas," cried ſhe, to a ſervant, "ſend Stevens here."

Thaddeus ſilently contemplated this ſtrange mother and daughter, whilſt the pretty Euphemia paid the ſame compliment to him. During his ſtay, he only ventured to look once at her Sylphid figure. There

was

was an unreceding ſomething in her liquid blue eyes, when he chanced to meet them, which diſpleaſed him; and he ſaw, that, from the inſtant ſhe entered the room, ſhe had never ceaſed ſtaring in his face.

He was a little relieved by the maid putting the books on the table: and Miſs Dundas, taking a ſeat, deſired him to ſit down by her, and arrange the leſſons. Lady Dundas was drawing to the other ſide of the Count, when Euphemia ſuddenly whiſking round, puſhed before her mother, and actually elbowed her out, with this exclamation—

"Dear Mamma! you don't want to learn!" and ſhe ſqueezed herſelf upon the edge of her mother's chair; who, very angrily, getting up, declared that rudeneſs to a parent, was intolerable from ſuch well bred young women; and left the room.

Euphemia bluſhed at this reproof, more than at her conduct; and Miſs Dundas added to her confuſion, by giving her a ſecond reprimand. Thaddeus, who pitied the evident

evident embarraſſment of the little beauty; to relieve her, preſented to her the page in the German grammar with which they were to begin. This had the deſired effect, and for an hour and a half they proſecuted their ſtudies with cloſe attention.

Whilſt the Count continued his directions to her ſiſter, and then turned his addreſs to herſelf, Miſs Euphemia, wholly unſeen by him, with a bent head, was affecting to hear him, though at the ſame time ſhe looked obliquely through her thick flaxen ringlets; and, gazing with wonder and admiration on his face, as it inclined towards her, ſaid to herſelf, "If this man were a gentleman, I ſhould think him the moſt charming creature in the world."

"Will your taſk be too long, Madam?" enquired Thaddeus, "will it give you any inconvenience to remember?"

"To remember what?" aſked ſhe, for in truth ſhe had neither ſeen what he had been pointing at, nor heard what he had ſaid about it.

"The

"The leſſon, Madam, that I have juſt been propoſing."

"Shew it to me again, and then I ſhall be a better judge."

He did as he was deſired; and was taking his leave, when ſhe called after him,

"Pray, Mr. Conſtantine, come to-morrow at two. I want you particularly."

The Count bowed, and withdrew.

"And what do you want with him to-morrow, child?" aſked Miſs Dundas, "you are not accuſtomed to be ſo fond of improvement."

Euphemia knew very well what ſhe was accuſtomed to be fond of; but not chuſing to let her auſtere ſiſter into her predeliction for the contemplation of ſuperior beauty, ſhe merely anſwered, "You know, Diana, that you often reproach me for my abſurd devotion to novel reading, and my repugnance to graver books; now I want at once to be like you, a woman of great erudition; and, for that purpoſe, I will ſtudy day and night at the German, till

till I can read all the philoſophers, and be a fit companion for my ſiſter."

This ſpeech from Euphemia, (who had always been ſo declared an enemy to pedantry, as to affirm that ſhe merely learnt German, becauſe it was the faſhion,) would have awakened Miſs Dundas to ſome ſuſpicion of a covert deſign, had ſhe not been in the habit of taking down ſuch large draughts of adulation, that where herſelf was the ſubject of encomium ſhe gave it full confidence. Euphemia, who ſeldom adminiſtered theſe doſes but to ſerve particular views, ſeeing, in the preſent caſe, that a little flattery was neceſſary, felt no compunction in ſacrificing ſincerity to the gratification of caprice. Weak of underſtanding, ſhe had fed on works of imagination, till her mind loathed all other kind of food. Not content with devouring the elegant pages of Burney, Smith, and Gunning, ſhe has flown with voracious appetite to ſate herſelf on the "garbage" of any circulating library that fell in her way.

The

The effects of such a taste, were soon exhibited in her manners. Being very pretty, she became very sentimental. She dressed like a wood nymph; and talked, as if her soul were made up of love and sorrow: though neither of these emotions she knew by experience, nevertheless, she was ever the victim of some ill fated passion; at least she fancied herself, at different periods in love with all the fine men about town.

By this management, she kept faithful to her favourite principle, that "*love was a want of her soul!*" As it was the rule of her life, it ever trembled on her tongue; ever introduced the confession of any new attachment, which usually happened three times a year, to her dear friend, Miss Arabella Rothes. Fortunately for the longevity of their mutual friendship, owing to the compulsion of an old uncle, this young lady lived in an ancient house, forty miles to the north of London. This latter circumstance proved a pretty distress for their pens to descant on, and Arabella remained a most charming sentimental

tal writing ſtock, to receive the catalogue of Miſs Euphemia's lovers; indeed, that gentle creature might have matched every lady in Cowley's calendar with a gentleman. Every throb of her heart could have acknowledged a different maſter. Firſt, the faſhionable ſloven, Auguſtus Somers, lounged and ſauntered himſelf into her good graces; but his diſhevelled hair, ſoiled linen, and dirty great coat, not exactly meeting her ideas of an elegant lover, ſhe gave him up at the end of three weeks. The next object that her eyes fell on, as moſt oppoſite to her former fancy, was the charming Marquis of Inverary. But here all her arrows failed, for ſhe never could extract more than a *how d'ye do?* from him, through the long lapſe of four months; during which time ſhe continued as conſtant to his fine figure, and her own folly, as could have fallen to the lot of any poor deſpairing damſel. However, my Lord was ſo cruel, ſo perfidious, as to allow ſeveral opportunities to paſs, in which he might have declared his paſſion; and ſhe told Arabella, in a letter

of

ſix ſheets, that ſhe would bear it no longer.

She put this wiſe reſolution in practice, and had already played the ſame game with half a ſcore, (the laſt of whom was a young baronet, who, having juſt ſkated himſelf into her heart, ſhe was forming daily parties to ſee on the Serpentine,) when Thaddeus made his appearance before her.

The moment ſhe fixed her eyes on him, her inflammable imagination was ſet in a blaze. She forgot his apparent ſubordinate quality in the nobleneſs of his figure; and, once or twice, that evening, whilſt ſhe was flitting about the ſparkling cynoſure of the Dutcheſs of Orkney's maſquerade, her thoughts hovered over the handſome foreigner.

She viewed the ſubject firſt one way and then another, and in her ever-varying mind, "*he was every thing by turns, and nothing long*;" but at length ſhe argued herſelf into a belief that he muſt be a man of rank from ſome of the German courts, who having ſeen her ſomewhere un-

known to herſelf, had fallen in love, and perſuaded Lady Tinemouth to introduce him as a language maſter to her family, that he might be enabled to appreciate properly the diſinterſtedneſs of her diſpoſition.

This wild idea having once gotten into her head, received inſtant credence. She reſolved, without ſeeming to ſuſpect it, to treat him as his quality deſerved, and to deliver ſentiments in his hearing, that ſhould charm him with their generoſity and delicacy.

With theſe chimeras floating in her brain, ſhe returned home, went to bed, and dreamed that Mr. Conſtantine had turned out to be *Monſieur*, had offered her his hand, and that ſhe was conducted to the altar by a train of princes and princeſſes, his brothers and ſiſters.

She awoke the next morning, from theſe deliriums, in an ecſtacy, deeming them prophetic; and, taking up her book, began, with a fluttering attention, to ſcan the leſſon which Thaddeus had deſired her to learn.

CHAP. VII.

THE following day, at noon, as the Count Sobieſki was croſſing over Cavendiſh-ſquare to keep his appointment in Harley-ſtreet, he was met by Lady Sara Roos. She had ſpoken with the Miſs Dundas's the night before, at the maſquerade, where ſhe diſcovered the pretty Euphemia through the dreſs of Eloiſa, her jealous and incenſed heart could not withſtand the temptation of hinting at the captivating Abelard ſhe had elected to direct her ſtudies. Her ladyſhip ſoon penetrated into the ſituation of Euphemia's heated fancy, and drew from her, without betraying herſelf, that ſhe expected to ſee her maſter the following day. Lady Sara, ſtung to the ſoul, immediately quitted the rooms, and, in a paroxyſm of diſappointment, determined

mined to throw herſelf in his way as he went to their houſe.

With this hope ſhe had already been traverſing the ſquare upwards of an hour, when her anxious eye at laſt caught a view of his figure, proceeding along Margaret-ſtreet. Hardly able to ſupport her tottering frame, ſhaken as it was with many contending emotions, ſhe accoſted him firſt; for he was paſſing ſtrait onwards, without looking to the right or the left. On ſeeing her ladyſhip, he ſtopped, and expreſſed his pleaſure at the meeting.

"If you *really* are pleaſed to meet me," ſaid ſhe, forcing a ſmile, "take a turn with me round the ſquare. I want to ſpeak with you."

Thaddeus bowed, and her ladyſhip put her arm through his, but remained ſilent for a few minutes, in evident confuſion. The Count recollected that it muſt now be quite two. He felt the awkwardneſs of making the Miſs Dundas's wait; and, notwithſtanding his reluctauce to appear

pear impatient with Lady Sara, he found himſelf obliged to ſay,

" I am ſorry that I muſt urge your ladyſhip to honour me with your commands, for it is already paſt the time, when I ought to have been with the Miſs Dundas's."

" Yes," cried Lady Sara, angrily, " Miſs Euphemia told me as much; but, Mr. Couſtantine, as a friend, I muſt warn you againſt her arts, as well as thoſe of another lady, who would do well to correct the boldneſs of her manner."

" Who do you mean, Madam?" interrogated Thaddeus, ſurprized at her warmth, and totally at a loſs to conjecture to whom ſhe alluded.

" A little reflection would anſwer you." returned ſhe, wiſhing to retreat from an explanation, yet ſtimulated by her double jealouſy to proceed; " She may be a good girl, Mr. Conſtantine; and I dare ſay ſhe is; but a woman that has promiſed her hand to another, ought not to flirt with you. What buſineſs had Miſs Egerton to command you to wear an Engliſh dreſs?

But ſhe muſt now ſee the danger of her conduct, by your having preſumed to obey her."

"Lady Sara!" exclaimed the Count, much hurt at this ſpeech, "I hardly underſtand you; yet I believe I may venture to affirm, that in all which you have juſt now ſaid, you are miſtaken. Who can witneſs the general frankneſs of Miſs Egerton, or liſten to the candid manner with which ſhe avows her attachment to Mr. Montreſſor, and conceive that ſhe poſſeſſes any thoughts that would not do her honour to reveal? And for myſelf," added he, lowering the tone of his voice, "I truſt the leaſt of my faults is preſumption. It never was my character to preſume on any lady's condeſcenſion; and if dreſſing as ſhe deſired, be deemed an inſtance of that kind, I can declare upon my word, that had I not felt other motives beſides her raillery, my appearance ſhould not have ſuffered any change."

"Are you ſincere, Mr. Conſtantine?" cried Lady Sara, now ſmiling with pleaſure.

"Indeed,

"Indeed, I am; and happy, if my explanation have met with your ladyſhip's approbation."

"Mr. Conſtantine," reſumed ſhe, "I have no motive but one, in my diſcourſe with you; friendſhip." And caſting her eyes down, ſhe ſighed profoundly.

"Your ladyſhip does me honour."

"I would have you regard me with the confidence that you pay Lady Tinemouth. My father poſſeſſes the firſt patronage in this country; therefore, I have it a thouſand times more in my power than ſhe has, to render you a ſervice."

Here her ladyſhip over-ſhot herſelf: ſhe had not calculated well on the nature of the mind that ſhe wiſhed to enſnare.

"I am grateful to your generoſity;" replied Thaddeus, "but on this head I muſt decline your kind offices. Whilſt I conſider myſelf the ſubject of one king, though he be in a priſon, I will not accept of any employment under another that is in alliance with his enemies."

Lady Sara diſcovered her error the moment he had made his anſwer; and, in a

diſappointed tone, exclaimed, "Then you deſpiſe my friendſhip!"

"No, Lady Sara; it is an honour far beyond my merits: and my gratitude to Lady Tinemouth muſt be doubled, when I recollect that I poſſeſs it through her means."

"Well," cried her ladyſhip, "have that as you will; but I expect, as a ſpecimen of your confidence in me, that you will be wary of Euphemia Dundas. I know that ſhe is artful and vain, and finds her amuſement in attracting the affections of different men; and then, notwithſtanding her affected ſenſibility, ſhe turns them into a ſubject for laughter."

"I thank your ladyſhip," replied the Count; "but in this reſpect I think that I am ſafe both from the lady and myſelf."

"How?" aſked Lady Sara, rather too eagerly, "is your heart?"—ſhe pauſed, and looked down.

"No, Madam;" replied he, ſighing as deeply as herſelf, but with his thoughts far from her and the object of their diſcourſe; "I have

"I have no portion of my heart to give to love. Beſides, the quality in which I appear at Lady Dundas's, would preclude the vaineſt man alive, from ſuppoſing that ſuch behaviour from any lady to him could be poſſible. Therefore, I am ſafe; though I acknowledge my obligation to your ladyſhip's caution."

Lady Sara was ſatisfied with the firſt part of this anſwer. It declared his heart unoccupied; and as he had admitted her proffered friendſhip, ſhe doubted not, but that when aſſiſted by more frequent diſplays of her faſcinations, ſhe could deſtroy its lambent nature, and in the end light up in his boſom a ſimilar fire to that which conſumed her own.

The almoſt unconſcious object of all theſe deſires, began internally to accuſe his vanity of being too fanciful in the formation of ſuſpicions, which, on a former occaſion, he had believed himſelf forced to receive; and, bluſhing at a quickneſs of perception that his contrition nominated a weakneſs, he found himſelf at the bottom of Harley Street.

Lady Sara called her ſervant, to walk nearer to her; and, telling Thaddeus, ſhe ſhould expect to meet him the next evening at Lady Tinemouth's, wiſhed him good morning.

He was certain that he muſt have ſtaid at leaſt half an hour beyond the time when he had promiſed to be with the ſiſters. Anticipating very haughty looks, and, perhaps, a reprimand, he knocked at the door, and was again ſhewn into the library. Miſs Euphemia was ſitting alone.

The Count offered ſome indiſtinct excuſe for having made her wait, but Euphemia, with good humoured alacrity, interrupted him.

"O, pray, don't mind; you have made nobody wait but me, and I can eaſily forgive it; for Mama and my ſiſter choſe to go out at one, it being May-day, to ſee the chimney-ſweepers dine at Mrs. Montague's. They did as they liked; and I preferred ſtaying at home to repeat my leſſon."

Thaddeus, thanking her for her indulgence, ſat down, and, taking the book, began

gan to queſtion her. Not one word could ſhe recollect. She ſmiled.

"I am afraid, Madam, you have never thought of it ſince yeſterday morning?"

"Indeed I have thought of nothing elſe; you muſt forgive me; I am very ſtupid, Mr. Conſtantine, at learning languages, and German is ſo harſh—at leaſt to my ears! Cannot you teach me any other thing? I ſhould like to learn of you of all things, but do think of ſomething elſe beſides this odious jargon! Cannot you teach me how to read poetry elegantly? Shakſpeare, for inſtance; I doat upon Shakſpeare!"

"That would be ſtrange preſumption, in a foreigner."

"No preſumption in the leaſt;" cried ſhe, "if you can do it, pray begin! there is Romeo and Juliet."

Thaddeus puſhed away the book with a ſmile.

"I cannot do it. I underſtand him with as much eaſe, as you, Madam, will ſoon do German, if you apply; but I cannot pretend to read him aloud."

"Dear me, how vexatious!—But I muſt hear you read ſomething. Do, take up that Werter. My ſiſter got it from the Pruſſian Ambaſſador, and he tells me it is ſweeteſt in its own language."

The Count opened the book.

"But you will not underſtand a word of it."

"I don't care for that; I have it by heart in Engliſh, and if you will only read his laſt letter to Charlotte, I know I can follow you in my own mind."

To pleaſe this whimſical little creature, Thaddeus turned to the letter, and read it forward with a pathos that was natural to his voice and character. When he came to an end, and cloſed the volume, the cadence of his tones, and the lady's memory, did ample juſtice to her ſenſibility. She looked up, and ſmiling through her watery eyes, which glittered like violets wet with dew, ſhe drew out her perfumed handkerchief, and wiping them, ſaid:

"I thank you, Mr. Conſtantine. You ſee, by this irrepreſſible emotion, that I can feel

feel Goethië, and did not aſk you a vain favour."

Thaddeus bowed, for he was at a loſs, as to what kind of a reply could be expected by ſuch a ſtrange creature.

She continued:

"You are a German, Mr. Conſtantine. Did you ever ſee Charlotte?"

"Never, Madam."

"I am ſorry for that; I ſhould have liked to have heard what ſort of a beauty ſhe was. But, don't you think ſhe behaved cruel to Werter? Perhaps you knew him?"

"No, Madam; this lamentable ſtory happened before I was born."

"How unhappy for him! I am ſure you would have made the moſt charming friends in the world! Have you a friend Mr. Conſtantine?"

The Count looked at her with ſurpriſe. She laughed at the expreſſion of his countenance.

"I don't mean ſuch friends as one's father, mother, and ſiſter, and relations; moſt people have enough of them. I mean

mean a tender, confiding friend, to whom you unbofom all your fecrets; who is your other felf, a fecond foul! In fhort, a creature in whofe exiftence you forget your own?"

Thaddeus followed with his eyes the heightened colour of the fair enthufiaft; who, accompanying her rhapfody with action expreffive as her words, had to repeat her queftion, "*have you fuch a friend?*" before he found recollection to anfwer her in the negative.

The Count, who had never been ufed to fuch extravagant behaviour in a woman, would have regarded Mifs Euphemia Dundas as little better than infane, had he not been prepared by Mifs Egerton's defcription; and he now acquiefced in her defire, to detain him another hour; half amufed, and half wearied with her aimlefs and wild fancies. But here he was miftaken, her fancies were not aimlefs; his heart was the game that fhe had in view, and fhe determined that a defperate attack fhould make it her's, in return for the deep wounds which fhe had received from every tone of his

his voice, whilſt reading the Sorrows of Werter.

Thaddeus ſpent near a fortnight in the conſtant exerciſe of his occupations. In the mornings, till two, he prepared thoſe drawings, by the ſale of which, he was empowered to pay the good Mrs. Robſon for her care of his friend. And he hoped, that when the ladies in Harley Street ſhould think it time to defray any part of their now large debt to him, he might be enabled to liquidate the very long bill of his friend's apothecary. But the Miſs Dundas's poſſeſſed too much money to think of its utility; they uſed it as counters; for they had no conception, that to other people, it became the ſource of almoſt every comfort. Their comforts came ſo certainly, that they ſuppoſed they grew of neceſſity out of their ſituation; and, that their great wealth owned no other commiſſion, than to give ſplendid parties, and buy fine things. Their golden ſhower being exhaled by the ſame power of vanity by which it had been ſhed, they as little regarded

regarded its diſperſion, as they had marked its ſource.

Hence, theſe amiable ladies never once recollected that their maſter ought to receive ſome weightier remuneration for his viſits, than the honour of paying them; and as poets tell that all honours are atchieved by much hardihood, ſo theſe two ſiſters, though in different ways, ſeemed reſolved that Thaddeus ſhould purchaſe his diſtinction with adequate pains.

Notwithſtanding, Miſs Dundas continued very remiſs in her leſſons, ſhe, unrelentingly, required the Count's attendance; and, ſometimes, not in the moſt gentle language, reproached him for a backwardneſs, which ſhe owed entirely to her own inattention and ſtupidity. The fair Diana would have been the moſt learned woman in the world, could ſhe have found any fine-lady path to the temple of ſcience; but the goddeſs who preſides there, being only to be won by arduous climbing, poor Miſs Dundas, like the indolent monarch that made the ſame demand on the philoſophers, was obliged

to

to lay the fault of her own ſlippery feet to the weakneſs of her conductors.

As Thaddeus deſpiſed her moſt heartily, he bore ill humour from that quarter with perfect equanimity. But the pretty Euphemia was not ſo eaſily managed: ſhe had now completely given up her fanciful ſoul to this prince in diſguiſe; and already began to act a thouſand extravagancies. Diana, without ſuſpecting the object, ſoon diſcovered that ſhe was in one of her love fits. Indeed ſhe cared nothing about it; and leaving her to purſue the paſſion as ſhe liked, poor Euphemia, according to her cuſtom when labouring under this whimſical malady, addicted herſelf to ſolitude. This romantic taſte ſhe generally indulged, by taking her footman to the gate of the green in Cavendiſh Square, where he ſtood till ſhe had performed a penſive ſaunter up and down the walk. After this, ſhe returned, adjuſted her hair in the Madona faſhion, becauſe the Count had one day admired the female head in a holy family, by Guido, over the chimney-piece; then, ſeating herſelf in ſome becoming

coming attitude, usually waited, with her eyes constantly turning to the door, till the object of all these pains presented himself. She impatiently watched all his motions and looks, whilst he attended to her sister; and the moment he was done, ran over her own lessons with greater volubility than clearness. This finished, she shut the books, and employed the remainder of the time in translating a number of little mottoes into German, which she had composed for boxes, baskets, and other frippery.

One day, when the Count, as usual, was tired to death with making decent sense out of so much nonsense; Euphemia, observing that Diana was at the other end of the room with the Honourable Mr. Lascelles, (for Miss Dundas, to give an eclat to her new studies, had lately opened her library door to morning visitors,) thought that she might do what she wished without detection; and, hastily drawing a folded paper from her pocket, she desired Thaddeus to take it home and translate it into what language he liked.

The

The Count, ſurpriſed at her manner, held it in his hand.

"Put it in your pocket;" added ſhe, in a hurrying voice, "elſe my ſiſter will ſee it, and aſk what it is!"

Thaddeus, full of wonder, obeyed her; and the little beauty, having executed her ſcheme, ſeemed quite intoxicated with delight. When he was preparing to withdraw, ſhe called to him, and aſked him when he ſhould ſee Lady Tinemouth.

"This evening, Madam."

"Then," returned ſhe, "tell her ladyſhip that I ſhall come and ſit half an hour with her to-night; and here," added ſhe, running up to him, "preſent her that roſe, with my love." Whilſt ſhe put it into his hand, ſhe whiſpered in a low voice: "and you will tell me what you think of thoſe verſes I have given you?"

Thaddeus bluſhed, and bowed. He hurried out of the houſe into the ſtreet, as if by that means he could altogether have gotten out of a dilemma, to which he feared all this fooliſh myſtery of Euphemia was only the introduction.

Though

Though the Count Sobieſki was, of all men in the world, perhaps the leaſt inclined to vanity; yet he muſt have been alſo the moſt ſtupid, if he had not been convinced by this time, of the criminal attachment of Lady Sara. Added to this diſagreeable certainty, he more than half dreaded a ſimilar folly in Miſs Euphemia.

Can a man ſee himſelf the daily object of a pair of melting eyes; hear everlaſting ſighs at his entrance and departure; day after day, receive tender, though covert addreſſes, about diſintereſted love; can he witneſs all this, and be ſincere, when he affirms, that it is the language of indifference? If that be poſſible, the Count Sobieſki has no pretenſions to modeſty. He comprehended the '*diſcourſing*' of Miſs Euphemia's '*eye*,' alſo the tendency of the love-ſick mottoes which, under various excuſes, ſhe put into his hand; and, with many a ſmile, mixed with pity, he contemplated her childiſh abſurdity.

A few days prior to that, in which ſhe made this appointment with the Count, ſhe preſented to him another of her devices, which

which ran thus :—" Frighted love, like a wild beaſt, ſhakes the wood in which it hides."

Thaddeus nearly laughed at the oddity of this conceit.

" Do, dear Mr. Conſtantine," cried ſhe, " tranſlate it into the ſweeteſt French you can; for I mean to have it put into a medallion, and give it to the perſon I moſt value on earth !"

There was ſomething ſo truly ridiculous in the ſentence, that he felt reluctant to allow even Miſs Euphemia to expoſe herſelf ſo far; and conſidering a moment how he ſhould make any thing ſo bad, better, he ſaid, " I am afraid I cannot tranſlate it literally: but, ſurely, Madam, you can do it yourſelf !"

" Yes, but I like your French better than mine; ſo ſet about it."

He had done the ſame kind of thing a hundred times, and, without farther parley, wrote as follows :

" L'amour, tel qu'une biche bleſſeé, ſe trahit lui même par ſa crainte, qui fait remuer le feuillage qui le couvre."

" Bleſs

" Bleſs me, how pretty!" cried ſhe, and immediately put it in her boſom.

To this unlucky addition of the words *ſe trahit lui même*, Thaddeus was indebted for the preſent of the folded paper. The ever-working imagination of Euphemia, in a moment ſeized the inſerted thought as a delicate avowal, that he was the wounded deer which he had ſubſtituted in place of the wild beaſt; and as ſoon as he arrived at home, he found the effects of her miſtake, in the packet which ſhe had given with ſo much ſecrecy.

When he broke the ſeal, ſomething dropped out and fell on the carpet. He took it up, and bluſhed like ſcarlet, on finding a gold medallion, with the words that he had altered for Miſs Euphemia, engraved on blue enamel. With an agitated hand, he next looked at the envelope; it contained a copy of verſes, with this line written at the top,

" To him who will apply them."

On

On perusing farther, he found them to be Mr. Addison's beautiful translation of that ode of Sappho, which runs:

" Blest as the immortal gods is he,
" The youth who fondly sits by thee,
" And hears and sees thee all the while,
" Softly speak and sweetly smile!

" 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
" And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
" For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
" My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

" My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
" Ran quick through all my vital frame;
" O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
" My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

" In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
" My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
" My feeble pulse forgot to play:
" I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!"

" EUPHEMIA."

Thaddeus threw both them and the medallion together on the table, and sat for a few minutes, considering how he should extricate

tricate himſelf from an affair ſo truly farcical.

He was thinking of at once giving up the taſk of attending either of the ſiſters, when, his eyes falling on the uncomplaining but melancholy features of his poor friend, he exclaimed, "No; for thy ſake, gallant Butzou, I will brave every ſcene however repugnant to my feelings!"

Well aware, from obſervation on Miſs Euphemia, that the ſeeming tenderneſs, which had prompted an act ſo wild and unbecoming, originated in mere caprice, he felt no heſitation in determining to return the things in as handſome a manner as poſſible, and by ſo doing at once cruſh the whole affair. He experienced no pain when forming theſe reſolves; becauſe he ſaw that not one impulſe of her conduct had any thing to do with her heart. It was a whim lit up by him to day, which might be extinguiſhed by another to-morrow.

But how different was the caſe with regard to Lady Sara! Her uncontrouled

nature could not long brook the reſtraints of friendſhip. Every attention that he gave to Lady Tinemouth, every civility that he paid to Miſs Egerton, or to any other lady whom he met at the Counteſs's, went like a dagger to her ſoul; and, whenever ſhe could gain his ear in private, ſhe generally made him ſenſible of her miſery, and his own unhappineſs in being its cauſe, by reproaches which too unequivocally proclaimed their ſource.

He now ſaw that her ladyſhip had given way to a dangerous and headſtrong paſſion; and, allowing for the politeneſs which is due from his ſex, he tried, by an appearance of the moſt ſtubborn coldneſs, and an obſtinate perverſity in ſhutting his apprehenſion againſt all her ſpeeches and actions, to ſtem a tide that threatened her with the loſs of peace.

Lady Tinemouth at laſt began to open her eyes to the perilous ſituation of both her friends. Highly as ſhe eſteemed Thaddeus, ſhe knew not the extent of his integrity. She had lived too long about the court of Britain, and ſeen too many from

the courts of the continent, to place much reliance on the honour of a ſingle and unattached young man, when aſſailed by rank, beauty, and love.

Alarmed at what might be the reſult of her obſervations, and fearing to loſe any time, ſhe had that very evening, in which ſhe expected the Count to ſupper, drawn out of Lady Sara, the unhappy ſtate of her heart.

The dreadful confeſſion was made by her ladyſhip with repeated ſhowers of tears, and in paroxiſms of agony, which pierced the Counteſs to the ſoul.

"My dear, Lady Sara," cried ſhe, "for heaven's ſake, remember your duty to Captain Roos!"

"I ſhall never forget it!" exclaimed her ladyſhip, ſhaking her head mournfully, and ſtriking her breaſt with her clenched hand; "I never look on the face of Conſtantine, that I do not execrate from my heart, the vows which I have ſworn to him; but I have bound myſelf his property; and, though I hate him, whatever it may coſt me,

me, I will never forget that my faith and honour are my husband's."

Lady Tinemouth, with a countenance bathed in tears, put her arms round the waist of Lady Sara, who now sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on the fire.

"Dear Lady Sara! that was spoken like yourself. Do more, abstain from seeing Mr. Constantine."

"Don't ask me that!" cried her ladyship, "I could easier rid myself of existence. He is the very essence of my happiness. It is only in his company, that I forget I am a wretch."

"This is obstinacy, my dear Lady Sara! This is courting danger."

"Lady Tinemouth, urge me no more on the subject. Is it not enough," continued she, sullenly, "that I am miserable? Would you drive me to desperation? If there be danger, you brought me into it."

"I!"

"Yes, you, Lady Tinemouth; you introduced him to me."

"But you are married. Handſome and amiable as he is, could I ſuppoſe ——"

"Nonſenſe!" cried her ladyſhip, interrupting her, "you know that I am married to a mere fool! But it is not becauſe Conſtantine is handſome that I like him. No, though no human form can come nearer perfection, yet it was not that: it was you. You, and Maria Egerton, were always telling me of his bravery, what wealth and honours he had ſacrificed in the ſervice of his country; how nobly he ſuccoured the diſtreſſes of others; how heedleſs he was of his own. This fired my imagination, and won my heart. No, it was not his beauty; I am not ſo deſpicable!"

"Dear, Lady Sara, be calm!" entreated her ladyſhip, completely at a loſs how to manage a ſpirit, whoſe violence exceeded her conception; "Think, my dear friend, what horrors you would experience if Mr. Conſtantine were to diſcover this predelictiion of yours, and preſume upon it! You know, where even the beſt of men are vulnerable."

The

The eyes of Lady Sara ſparkled with pleaſure, at this ſurmiſe of the Counteſs's.

"Why, ſurely, Lady Sara!" exclaimed Lady Tinemouth, doubtingly.

"Don't fear me, Lady Tinemouth; I know my own dignity too well to do any thing diſgraceful; yet I would acquire the knowledge that he loves me, at almoſt any price. But he is cold" added ſhe, ſinking again into deſpondence, "he is a piece of obſtinate petrefaction, which heaven itſelf could not melt!".

Lady Tinemouth was glad to hear this account of Thaddeus. She began to take a little confidence from his ſide, juſt as the drawing-room door opened, and Miſs Euphemia Dundas was announced.

Lady Sara gave the little beauty ſuch a withering look, when ſhe expreſſed her amazement at not ſeeing Mr. Conſtantine, who was to have appriſed the Counteſs of her intended viſit, that, had her ladyſhip's eyes been Meduſean for that moment, poor Euphemia would ever after have repreſented a ſtone ſtatue of diſappointment.

Mean-while, the Count having ſeen Dr. Cavendiſh, and received a favourable opinion of his friend, wrote the following note to Miſs Euphemia; and then arranged his dreſs, before he proceeded to Groſvenor Place.

"To Miſs Euphemia Dundas.

"Mr. Conſtantine very much admires the taſte of Miſs Euphemia Dundas, in the choice of thoſe verſes which ſhe did him the honour of requeſting he would tranſlate into the moſt appropriate language; and he has, to the utmoſt of his abilities, obeyed her commands in Italian, thinking it the beſt adapted, both for verſification and the ſubject.

"Mr. Conſtantine equally admires the ſtile of the medallion which Miſs E. Dundas condeſcended to encloſe for his inſpection, and aſſures her that the letters are perfectly correct."

When the Count entered Lady Tinemouth's drawing-room, he ſaw that his young *enamorata* had already arrived, and was

was in close conversation with the Countess. Lady Sara, now that the discovery was made, thought it unnecessary to put any restraint on her temper before her ladyship. Seating herself alone on a sofa, she was inwardly upbraiding Constantine for what she had termed an absolute assignation with Euphemia, when his name was announced.

Her half-resentful eyes, yet swimming in the tears her discourse with Lady Tinemouth had awaked, sought his averted face, which was regarding Miss Dundas, with a look of surprise and disgust. This pleased her; and the more so, as he only slightly bowed to her rival, shook the Countess by the hand, and then returning, took his station beside her on the sofa.

She would not trust her triumphant eyes to wander towards Lady Tinemouth, but immediately asked him some trifling question. At the same moment, Euphemia tapped him on the arm with her fan, and inquired how it happened that she had arrived first.

He anſwered Lady Sara. Euphemia impatiently repeating her demand, "How did it happen that I arrived here firſt?" "I ſuppoſe, Madam," replied he, "becauſe you ſet out firſt. I do not believe that I am ever with Lady Tinemouth much before eight, and it now wants five minutes of the hour. But, had I been ſo fortunate as to have preceded you, I ſhould certainly have delivered the meſſage with which I was honoured."

The evening paſſed off more agreeably to the Count, than he had augured from the ſcene that preſented itſelf on his entrance. Lady Sara always gave him pain; Miſs Euphemia teazed him to death; but to-night, the ſtorm which had agitated the breaſt of her ladyſhip, having ſubſided into thoughtfulneſs, imparted ſo abſtracted an air to her ever lovely countenance, that Sobieſki, merely to elude communication with Euphemia, remained near her; and, by paying thoſe attentions, which he could not avoid, he ſo deluded the wretched Lady Sara, as to ſubdue her melancholy, into that enchanting ſoftneſs, which rendered

dered her the moſt captivating of women.

The only perſon preſent who did not approve the change, was Lady Tinemouth. At every diſſolving ſmile of her Circean ladyſhip, ſhe beheld the intoxicating cup at the lips of Thaddeus, and dreaded its effect. Euphemia was too buſily employed repeating ſome new poems, and too intenſely dreaming of what her tutor might ſay on the verſes and medallion, to obſerve the dangerous aſcendancy which the ſuperior charms of lady Sara might acquire over the breaſt of Conſtantine. Indeed, ſhe had no ſuſpicion of finding a rival in her ladyſhip; and, when a ſervant announced the arrival of her mother's coach, and ſhe ſaw by her watch that it was twelve o'clock, ſhe roſe reluctantly, exclaiming,

"I dare ſay, ſome plaguing people have arrived, who are to ſtay with us, elſe Mama would not have ſent for me ſo ſoon."

"I call it late:" ſaid Lady Sara, who would not loſe any opportunity of contradicting her, "So I will thank you, Mr.

Conſtantine," addreſſing herſelf to him; "to hand me to my coach at the ſame time."

Euphemia bit her lip at this movement of her ladyſhip; and followed her down ſtairs reddening with anger. She got into her carriage, but would not ſuffer the ſervant to cloſe the door till ſhe had ſeen Lady Sara ſeated in hers; then, calling to Mr. Conſtantine, ſhe deſired him to come into the coach.

Lady Sara leaned her head out of the window. As ſhe ſaw the man ſhe loved ſtep into Lady Dundas's carriage, ſhe in her turn almoſt bit her lips through with vexation.

"Home, my lady?" aſked the ſervant, touching his hat.

"No, not till Miſs Dundas's coach drives on."

Miſs Euphemia had deſired Thaddeus to come in for a moment; and reluctantly he obeyed.

"Mr. Conſtantine!" cried the little beauty, trembling with expectation, "have you opened the paper that I gave you?"

"Yes,

"Yes, Madam," returned he, holding the door open, and widening it with one hand as he ſpoke, whilſt with the other he preſented his note, "and I have the honour in that paper to have executed your commands."

Euphemia caught it eagerly; and Thaddeus immediately leaping out, wiſhed her a good night; and hurried back into the houſe. Whilſt the carriages drove away, he aſcended to the drawing room to fetch his hat, and take leave of the Counteſs.

Lady Tinemouth had ſeated herſelf on the ſofa, and was leaning thoughtfully againſt one of its arms, when he re-entered. He approached her.

"I wiſh you a good night, Lady Tinemouth."

She turned her head.

"Mr. Conſtantine, I wiſh you would ſtay a little longer with me! My ſpirits are diſturbed, and I am afraid it will be near morning before Maria returns from Richmond. Theſe rural balls are ſad diſſipated things!"

Thaddeus laid down his hat, and took his ſeat by her ſide.

"I am happy dear Lady Tinemouth, at all times, to be with you; but I am ſorry to hear that you have met with any thing to diſcompoſe you. I was afraid, when I came in, that ſomething diſagreeable had happened; your eyes—"

"Alas! if my eyes always told when I had been weeping, they might ever be telling tales!" Her ladyſhip paſſed her hand acroſs her eyes, as ſhe ſpoke, and added, "we may think on our ſorrows with an outward air of tranquillity; but we cannot always ſpeak of them, without ſhewing that the ſubject gives us agitation."

"Ah, Lady Tinemouth!" exclaimed the Count, drawing cloſer to her, "Could not even your feeling heart eſcape calamity?"

"To cheriſh a feeling heart, my young friend," replied ſhe, "is not a very effectual way to oppoſe the preſſure of affliction. On the reverſe, ſuch a temper of mind will extract unhappineſs from cauſes which might eſcape diſpoſitions of leſs ſuſceptibility.

bility. Ideas of feeling, ſenſibility, and ſympathy, are pretty toys for a novice to play with; but change thoſe wooden ſwords into weapons of real mettle, and you will find the points through your heart, before you are aware of the danger. At leaſt, I found it ſo. Mr. Conſtantine, I have frequently promiſed to explain to you the reaſon of the ſadneſs which ſo often tinges my converſation; indeed, I know not when I ſhall be in a fitter humour to indulge myſelf at your expence, for I never felt more wretched, never ſtood more in need of the conſolation of a friend."

Her ladyſhip covered her face with a handkerchief, and remained ſo ſometime. Thaddeus preſſed her hand ſeveral times, and waited in reſpectful ſilence till ſhe would recommence. She raiſed her head.

"Forgive me, my dear Sir; I am very low to-night—very nervous. I have encountered two or three diſtreſſing circumſtances to-day, and theſe tears relieve me. You have heard me ſpeak of my ſon, and my lord; yet I never had reſolution to recount how we were ſeparated. This morning

morning I saw my son pass my window, he looked up, but the moment I appeared, he turned away, and hastened down the street. Though I have received many stronger proofs of dislike, both from his father and himself; yet, slight as this offence may seem, it pierced me to the heart. O, Mr. Constantine, to feel that the child to whom I gave life, should regard me with abhorrence, is dreadful—is beyond even the anxious partiality of a mother, either to excuse or palliate!"

"Perhaps, dear Lady Tinemouth, you misjudge Lord Harwold; he may be under the commands of his father, and yet, inwardly, long to shew you his affection and duty."

"No, Mr. Constantine, your good heart is too young to know what may be the guilt of another. Gracious Heaven! am I obliged to speak so of my own son! He who was my darling! He who once loved me dearer than existence! But, hear me, my dear Sir, you shall judge for yourself; and you will wonder that I am now alive to endure more. I have

suffered

ſuffered by him, by his father, and by a dreadful woman, who not only tore my huſband and children from me, but ſtood by till I was beaten to the ground. Yes, Mr. Conſtantine, any man of feeling would ſhudder, as you do, at ſuch an aſſertion; but it is too true. Soon after Lady Sophia Lovel became the miſtreſs of my Lord, and perſuaded him to take my ſon from me, I heard that the poor boy had fallen ill through grief, and lay ſick at his lordſhip's houſe in Hampſhire. I heard that he was dying. Imagine my agonies. Wild with diſtreſs, I flew to the lodge, and, forgetful of any thing but my child, was haſtening acroſs the park, when I ſaw this woman, this Lady Sophia, approaching me, followed by two female ſervants. One of them carried my daughter, then an infant, in her arms; and the other, a child of which this unnatural wretch had recently become the mother. I was flying towards my little Albina to claſp her to my heart, when Lady Sophia caught hold of my arm. Her voice now rings in my ears.

"Woman!"

"Woman!" cried ſhe, "leave this place, or you ſhall be compelled to do ſo."

"Struggling in vain to break from her, I implored, only to be permitted to embrace my child; but ſhe held me faſt, and, regardleſs of my cries, ordered both the women to return into the houſe. Driven to deſpair, I dropped on my knees, conjuring her, by her feelings as a mother, to allow me for one moment to ſee my dying ſon; and that I would promiſe, by my hopes of everlaſting happineſs, to cheriſh her child as my own, ſhould it ever ſtand in need of a friend. The horrid woman only laughed at my prayers, and left me lying in a ſwoon upon the graſs. When I recovered, the firſt objects I beheld were my Lord and Lady Sophia ſtanding near me, and myſelf in the arms of a man ſervant, whom they had commanded to carry me outſide of the gate. At the ſight of my huſband, I ſprang to his feet, when, with one dreadful blow of his hand, he knocked me to the ground. Merciful Providence! I wonder I retained my ſenſes!

ſenſes! I beſeeched him to give me a ſecond blow, that I might ſuffer no more.

"Take her out of my ſight," cried he, "for ſhe is mad."

"I was taken out of his ſight, more dead than alive, and led by his pitying ſervants to an inn, where I was afterwards confined three weeks with a brain fever. From that hour, I have never known a day of entire health."

Thaddeus was ſhocked beyond utterance, at this anecdote. The paleneſs of his countenance, being the only reply that he could make to her ladyſhip, ſhe reſumed.

"I have gone out of order. I propoſed to inform you clearly of my ſituation, but the principal ſorrow of my heart roſe immediately to my lips. I will commence regularly, if I can methodize my recollection.

"The Earl of Tinemouth married me from paſſion: I will not ſanctify his emotions by the name of affection; though," added ſhe, forcing a ſmile, whilſt, turning her head towards the looking-glaſs, ſhe put aſide the crape veil which ſhaded her

her face, "Theſe faded features too plainly declare, '*that of all mankind, I loved but him alone!*' I was juſt fifteen when he came to viſit my father, who lived in Berkſhire. My father, Mr. Cumnor, and his father, Lord Harwold, had been friends at college. My lord, then Mr. Stanhope, was young, handſome, and captivating. He remained all the Autumn with us; and at the end of that period, declared an affection for me, which my own heart too readily anſwered. About this time he received a ſummons from his father, and we parted. Like moſt girls of my age, I felt an unconquerable baſhfulneſs to admit any confident in my attachment; hence my parents knew nothing of the affair, till it burſt upon them in the cruelleſt ſhape.

"About two months after Mr. Stanhope's departure, a letter arrived from him, urging me to fly with him to Scotland. He alledged, as a reaſon for ſuch a ſtep, that his grandfather, the Earl of Tinemouth, inſiſted on his forming a union with Lady Sophia Lovel, who was a young widow, and the favourite niece of the moſt

powerful

powerful nobleman in the kingdom. Upon this demand, he told the earl, on whom his affections were placed. His lordſhip, whoſe paſſions were thoſe of a madman, broke out into ſuch horrible execrations, of myſelf and family, as Mr. Stanhope confeſſed, made him forget his duty; and he peremptorily ſwore, that no power on earth ſhould compel him either to marry ſo notorious a woman as Lady Sophia Lovel, or to give up me. He concluded, with repeating his entreaties that I would conſent to go with him to Scotland. The ſubject of this letter alarmed me, and I ſhewed it to my parents. My father anſwered it in a manner that befitted his own character, but which irritated the impetuous paſſion of my lover almoſt to frenzy. In ſhort, in a paroxiſm of rage, he flew to his grandfather, upbraided him with the ruin of his happineſs; and ſo tempted the old man, that he drew his ſword upon him; and, had it not been for the interference of Lord Harwold, a moſt fatal cataſtrophe might have enſued.

To

To end the affair at once, Lord Harwold whose gentle nature always embraced the mildest measures, obtained the Earl's permission to send Mr. Stanhope abroad.

"Meanwhile, I was upheld by my father, who is now no more, in firmly rejecting all my lover's entreaties for a private marriage. As Stanhope's grandfather was equally deaf to all compromise, he at length was persuaded, by his excellent father, to accompany a relation to France.

"At the end of a few weeks, Mr. Stanhope began to regard his cousin as a spy; and after a violent quarrel they parted, no one knowing to what quarter my lover had directed his steps. I believe I was the first who heard any tidings of him. I remember well, it was in 1771, about three and twenty years ago, that I received a letter from him; (O! how legibly are these circumstances yet written on my heart!) it was dated from Italy, where he told me he had resided in complete retirement during the period of his banishment, under the assumed name of Sackville."

At

At this name, Thaddeus uttered a groan of horror; and, with every feature of his face fixed in diſmay, fell back on the ſofa.

The Counteſs caught hold of his hand.

"What is the matter? For Heaven's ſake! what is the matter?"

The bolt of indelible diſgrace had ſtruck to his heart; it was ſome minutes before he could recover; but when he did ſpeak, he ſaid, "Pray go on, Madam. I am ſubject to theſe ſpaſms in my breaſt. Pray, forgive me, and go on; I ſhall become better as you proceed."

"No, my dear friend; I will quit my diſmal ſtory at preſent, and reſume it ſome other time."

"Pray, continue it now," rejoined Thaddeus; "I ſhall never be more fit to liſten. Do, I entreat you."

"Are you ſincere in your requeſt? I fear that I have already tired you."

"No; I am ſincere; let me hear it all. Do not hold back any thing which relates to that barbarian Engliſhman who married *you!*"

"Alas

"Alas he did," resumed her ladyship, "for when he returned, which was in consequence of the Earl of Tinemouth's death, my father was also dead, who might have stood between me and my inclinations, and so preserved me from many succeeding sorrows. I sealed my fate, and became his wife.

"The father of my husband was now Earl of Tinemouth; and, as he had never been averse to the union, he presented me with a cottage on the banks of the Wye, where I passed three delightful years, the happiest of womankind. My husband, my mother, and my infant son, formed my felicity; and greatly I prized it; too greatly, to be allowed a long continuance!

"At the end of this period, some gay friends came down to visit us. When they returned to town, they persuaded my Lord to be one in the party. He went, after much entreaty, because he expected that I should be confined in the course of three weeks. And from that fatal day, all my sufferings took their rise.

"Lord

" Lord Harwold, inſtead of being with me in a fortnight, as he had promiſed, procraſtinated his abſence, under various excuſes, from week to week, during which interval my Albina was born. Day after day, I anticipated the delight of putting her into the arms of her father; but ſhe was three months old before he appeared; and, ah! how changed. He was gloomy to me, uncivil to my mother, and hardly looked at the child."

Lady Tinemouth ſtopped at this part of her narrative, to wipe away her tears. Thaddeus was ſitting forward to the table, leaning on his arm, with his hand covering his face. The Counteſs felt grateful for an exceſs of ſympathy which ſhe did not expect; and, taking his other hand as it lay motionleſs on his knee, " What a conſolation would it be to me," exclaimed ſhe, " durſt I entertain a hope, that I may one day behold but half this pity, in the breaſt of my ſon!"

Thaddeus only preſſed her hand, he did not venture to reply; he could not

tell her that she deceived herself even here; that he did not only deplore her misfortunes, but owed the agonies which were shaking him to the injuries of his own mother, whom the villainous conduct of this very Earl, under the name of Sackville, had devoted to a life of self-reproach. He had derived existence from the husband of Lady Tinemouth! The conviction humbled him, crushed him, and trod him to the earth.

The Countess resumed,—

"It would be impossible, my dear Sir, to describe to you the gradual changes which assured me I had lost the heart of my husband. Before the end of the winter he left me again; and I saw him no more, till that hour when he struck me to ground.

"Lord Tinemouth came into Monmouthshire, about six weeks after I had taken leave of my Lord. I was surprized and rejoiced to see my good father-in-law; but how soon were my emotions driven into a different course! He revealed to me, in the tendereſt manner possible, that, during

Lord

Lord Harwold's firſt viſit to town, he had, unknown to him, been in the habit of ſpending entire evenings with Lady Sophia Lovel.

"This woman," added he, "is the moſt artful creature breathing. In ſpite of her acknowledged diſhonour, you well know that my deceaſed father would gladly have married her to my ſon; and now, it ſeems, actuated by revenge, ſhe reſents Lord Harwold's refuſal of her hand, by ſeducing him from his wife. Alas! I am too well convinced that the errors in my ſon's temper bear a ſtrict analogy with thoſe of his grandfather. Impatient of contradiction, flattery can mould him to what ſhape it pleaſes. Lady Sophia has diſcovered theſe weak points in his character; and, I am informed, by his ſteward, has perſuaded him that you impoſe on his affection, by detaining him from the world. This argument muſt have been well ſeconded by other faſcinations, for in regard to beauty ſhe is only moderate; yet ſhe has ſucceeded, and my deluded ſon has accompanied her into Spain."

"You may imagine, Mr. Conſtantine, my diſtraction at this intelligence. I was like one frantic; and Lord Tinemouth fearing to truſt me in ſuch deſpair out of his ſight, brought us all with him to London. In leſs than four months afterwards, I was deprived of this ineſtimable friend by a paralytic ſtroke. His death ſummoned the new Earl to England. Whilſt I lay on a ſick-bed, into which I had been thrown by the ſhock, my lord and his miſtreſs arrived.

"They immediately aſſumed the command of my lamented protector's houſe, and ordered my mother to clear it directly of me. My heart-broken parent obeyed, and I was carried, in a ſenſeleſs ſtate, to a lodging in the neareſt ſtreet. But, when this dear mother returned for my children, neither of them were permitted to ſee her. The malignant Lady Sophia, actuated by an inſatiable hatred of me, eaſily wrought on my frantic huſband, (for I muſt believe him mad,) to detain them entirely. A ſhort time after this, that

that dreadful ſcene happened, which I have before deſcribed.

" Year ſucceeded year, during which time I received many cruel inſults from my huſband, many horrible ones from my ſon; for I had been adviſed to inſtitute a ſuit againſt my lord, in which I only pleaded for the return of my children. I loſt my cauſe, owing I hope, to bad counſel, not to the laws of my country. I was adjudged to be ſeparated from the Earl, with a maintenance of ſix hundred a-year, which he hardly pays. I was tied down never to ſpeak to him, his ſon, or his daughter. Though this ſentence was paſſed, I never acknowledged its juſtice, but wrote ſeveral times to my children. Lord Harwold, who is too deeply infected with his father's cruelty, has either returned my letters unopened, or, with inſulting replies. For my daughter, ſhe keeps an undeviating ſilence; and I have not even ſeen her, ſince that moment when ſhe was hurried from my eyes, in Tinemouth Park.

" In vain her brother tries to convince me that ſhe deteſts me; I will not believe it; and the hope, that ſhould I ſurvive

her father, I may yet embrace my child, has been, and will be, my ſource of comfort, till it be fulfilled, or I bury my diſappointment in the grave."

Lady Tinemouth put her handkerchief to her eyes, which were again flowing with tears. Thaddeus thought he muſt ſpeak, if he would not betray an intereſt in her narrative, which he determined no circumſtance ſhould ever humble him to reveal, and raiſing his head from his hand, unconſciouſly diſcovered to the Counteſs his dry and blood-ſhot eyes, fluſhed cheek, and convulſed lip.

"Kind, ſympathiſing Conſtantine! ſurely ſuch a heart as thine, never would bring ſorrow to the breaſt of a virtuous huſband!"

Theſe were her ladyſhip's thoughts, though ſhe did not give them utterance. Thaddeus roſe from his ſeat.

"Farewel, Lady Tinemouth," ſaid he, taking his hat, "may heaven bleſs you, and pardon your huſband!"

Then, graſping her hand with what he intended ſhould be a preſſure of friendſhip, but which his internal tortures rendered

almoſt

almoſt intolerable, he haſtened down ſtairs, opened the outward door, and got into the ſtreet.

Unknowing and heedleſs whither he went, with the ſteps of a man driven by the furies, he traverſed firſt one ſtreet and then another. As he went along, in vain the watchmen reminded him by their cries, that it was paſt three o'clock; he ſtill wandered on, forgetting that it was night, that he had any home, any deſtination.

His father was diſcovered! That father, who, notwithſtanding his guilt, he had entertained a latent hope, ſhould they ever meet, might produce ſome excuſe, for having been betrayed into an act diſgraceful to a man of honour. But when all theſe filial dreams were blaſted by the conviction, that he owed his being to the huſband of Lady Tinemouth; that his mother was the victim of a profligate; that he had ſprung from a man who was not merely a villain, but the moſt wanton, the moſt deſpicable of villains; he ſaw himſelf bereft of hope, and overwhelmed with ſhame and horror.

Full

Full of reflections, which none other than a ſon in ſuch circumſtances can conceive, he was loſt amidſt the obſcure alleys of Tottenham-court-road, when loud and frequent cries recalled his attention. A quantity of ſmoke, with flaſhes of light, led him to ſuppoſe that they were occaſion-by a fire; and, a few ſteps farther, the tremendous ſpectacle burſt upon his ſight.

It was a houſe, from the windows of which the flames were breaking out with the moſt alarming rapidity, whilſt the people about, were either ſtanding in ſtupified aſtoniſhment, or uſeleſsly ſhouting for engines and aſſiſtance.

At the moment the Count arrived, two or three naked wretches, juſt eſcaped from their beds, were flying from ſide to ſide, making the air echo with their ſhrieks.

"Will nobody ſave my children?" cried one of them, approaching Thaddeus, and wringing her hands in an agony, "Will nobody take them from the fire?"

"Where ſhall I ſeek them?" replied he.

"Oh! in that room," exclaimed ſhe, pointing, "the flames are already there; they will be burnt! they will be burnt!"

The

The poor woman was hurrying frantically forward, when the Count ſtopped her, and giving her in charge to a by-ſtander, "Take care of this woman," cried he; "I will ſave her children, if poſſible." Darting through the open door, in defiance of the ſmoke and danger he made his way to the children's room, where, almoſt ſuffocated by the ſulphureous cloud that ſurrounded him, he at laſt found the bed, but it only contained one of the children. This he inſtantly caught up in his arms, and was haſtening down ſtairs, when the cries of the other from a diſtant part of the building, made him heſitate; but thinking it better to ſecure one, than hazard both by lingering, he got into the ſtreet, juſt as a poſt-chaiſe had ſtopped to enquire the particulars of the accident. The carriage door being open, and Thaddeus ſeeing people in it, without ſaying a word, threw the ſleeping infant into their laps, and haſtened back into the houſe, where he hoped to reſcue the other, before the fire could encreaſe.

The flames had now made a dreadful progreſs, and ſcorched his face, hands, and

and clothes, as he flew from room to room, following the ſhrieks of the child, who ſeemed to change its ſituation with every exertion that he made to reach it. At length, when every moment he expected the houſe would ſink under his feet, he directed his ſteps, as a laſt attempt, along a paſſage which he had not before obſerved, and to his great joy beheld the object of his ſearch, flying down a back ſtair-caſe. The boy immediately ſprung into his arms, and Thaddeus turning round, leaped from one landing-place to another, till he found himſelf in the ſtreet, and ſurrounded by a concourſe of people.

He ſaw the poor mother claſp the reſcued child to her breaſt, and whilſt the ſpectators were loading her with congratulations, he left the crowd; and proceeded homewards, with a warmth at his heart, which made him forget in the joy of a benevolent action, that petrifying ſhock, occaſioned by the vices of one, who was too nearly allied to his being, to be hated without horror.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Printed by A. Strahan,
Printers-Street.

PR918
P5T5
1803
v.2